

FIFTY CENTS

OCTOBER 2, 1972

TIME

THE TWO AMERICAS

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Contest?



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ELECTRA 225 LIMITED.



1.



2.



3.

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It's subtle, but it's there.

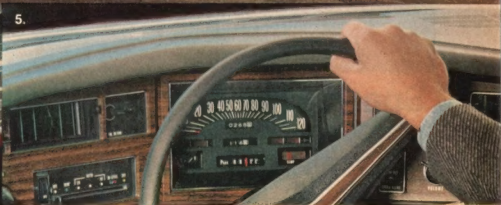
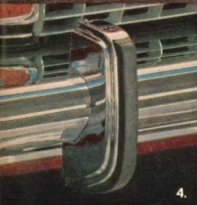
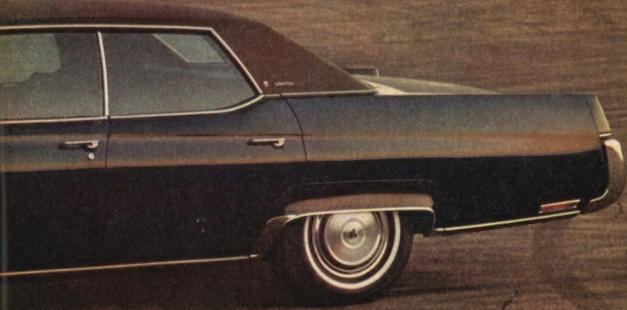
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2. Deep, roomy full-foam seats. For solid comfort and support.

3. AccuDrive. For stable

feeling for '73.



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4. A new front and rear bumper system.

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solidity, is there because of it.

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5. The solid feeling for 1973. It's an experience.

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Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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HENRY R. LUCE, 1938



BRITON HADDEN, 1928

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INDEX

Cover Story.....15	Economy.....72	Music.....69
Essay.....86	Education.....57	Nation.....12
	Environment.....47	People.....42
Art.....61	Law.....56	Press.....83
Behavior.....48	Letters.....7	Religion.....64
Books.....80	Medicine.....55	Show Business.....62
Business.....76	Milestones.....70	& Television.....62
Cinema.....66		World.....28

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AN ANNIVERSARY LETTER

IF, in retrospect, a journalistic enterprise could have pre-ordained its date of birth, we wouldn't have done it any other way. Time Incorporated officially became a business in November 1922. In March 1923, "TIME The Weekly News-Magazine" appeared on the newsstands, editorially designed "to serve the modern necessity of keeping people informed." So these next few months mark the 50th anniversary of the company. A fabulous half-century, like no other in history. And today the charter of Time Inc.—to keep people informed—remains the same.

TIME was the brainchild of Henry R. Luce and Briton Hadden, both under 25, burning with curiosity, enthusiasm and energy. TIME was an invention, something completely new in journalism, and its success underwrote in later years the development of equally innovative magazines: *FORTUNE*, *LIFE* and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. This month Time Inc. is introducing still another magazine, *MONEY*. Its publication affirms our belief that the public's need and appetite for news and information has not diminished.

In the half-century since its founding, Time Inc. has become a broadly based communications company. Visionaries though they were, neither Luce nor Hadden could have predicted in 1922 the course their company would take. The corporate imprint of TIME-LIFE is now on books, films, newspapers, broadcasting, cable television, recordings, audio and video cassettes, fine arts reproductions and educational material. Apart from all this "communicating," we are also operating successfully in the fields of paper and paper products, printing materials and services, and marketing data.

So we are 50 years old, and we intend to celebrate. We are planning a series of events for the months ahead—some small and rather personal and sentimental, others on a bigger scale. In all, we hope to reach a lot of people to whom we owe thanks—not only our working colleagues within the company but also the legions of readers and believers who through the years have helped us grow.

► This week, in association with the National Trust for Historic Preservation, we are presenting the premiere showing of an episode of the BBC-TIME-LIFE Films coproduction, *America: A Personal History of the United States*, at historic Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C. The full series of 13 parts was written and narrated by the noted journalist-broadcaster Alistair Cooke and produced by Michael Gill, and will be sponsored by Xerox on the NBC Television Network starting Nov. 14.

► Beginning in mid-October at New York's Carnegie Hall, Time Inc. will have the privilege of sponsoring the 1972 U.S. tour of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London. In the course of 36 concerts, this renowned orchestra will play to audiences from New York City to Provo,

Utah, from Corvallis, Ore., to Washington, D.C. Prior to its visit to the U.S., the Royal Philharmonic will have presented four gala TIME-LIFE concerts at Festival Hall in London. Rudolf Kempe is the conductor, assisted by Lawrence Foster. The tour is under the management of Impresario Kazuko Hillyer.

► Henry Luce once wrote that journalists should "tell as many of the citizens as possible, as effectively as possible, what the *res publicae* are, and what the *rational* debate on those subjects is." It is in the spirit of those words that Time Inc.'s publications, utilizing their unique resources, will this year undertake a study of the U.S. Congress, and ways of restoring that body to coequal status with the Executive Branch. At the same time we will hold a series of dinner meetings in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles, at which Senators, Representatives, civic leaders and scholars will be invited to offer their views. These meetings will lead to a final dinner in Washington, at which a full report will be made to the nation in general and Congress in particular just after Inauguration Day.

► In March, Atheneum will publish *The World of Time-LIFE: The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise, 1941-1960*. It is the second volume of the story of this company written by Robert T. Elson, and it is our hope that it will be regarded as an indispensable account of a major force in American journalism.

► Before 1972 is over, members of the New York staff will celebrate another, more personal anniversary: the 50th at Time Inc. for Roy E. Larsen, vice chairman of the board and for 21 years Time Inc.'s president. He was TIME's first circulation and promotion director, the first publisher of *LIFE*, and the editor of the famed radio and movie documentary series of the 1930s and '40s, the *MARCH OF TIME*. At age 73 Larsen is not only an active member of our board of directors but continues to contribute to our daily operations with his wisdom and good humor.

► Climaxing the golden-anniversary observance will be a tribute to the man whose heritage we share. The Smithsonian Institution has elected to establish the Henry R. Luce Hall of News Reporting in the National Museum of History and Technology in Washington. To be opened in April 1973, the Hall will contain the first permanent record of the impact of media on the development of our country. Its displays will range from pre-Revolutionary pamphlets, newspapers and magazines to the most sophisticated of today's news-disseminating techniques. It will be a permanent treasure of information for journalists, scholars, students and visitors to the nation's capital—and a tangible tribute to Luce's exceptional creativity and intellectual curiosity.

Editorial Director

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Andrew Hershbell

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

TIME PROSPECTUS, 1922



FIRST COVERS, 1922



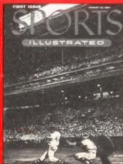
1920



1926



1924



1972



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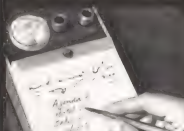
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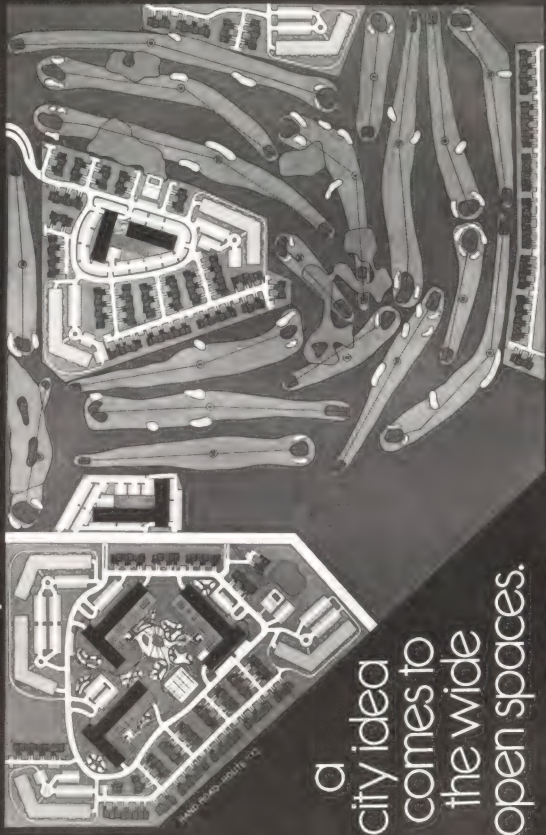
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The Events in Munich

Sir / The world weeps for the deaths in Munich [Sept. 18] and expects, even prays for retaliation.

God, must death always be our reward? Must we always treat the symptom rather than the sickness? Must retaliation always follow atrocity in the awful agony of the Middle East? Harsh retaliation has only forged patriots into terrorists and forced them out into the world to destroy peace.

Oh, Israel, let these people return to the land of their fathers. Show the world your great goodness. Destroy the cause of which terror is a symptom. Accept these beautiful, wonderful people into your country, or let them go into theirs.

ED DOBSON
Peway, Calif.

Sir / For this thing that they have done in Munich, the Black September mob are truly the scum of the earth.

On the battlefields they are nowhere to be found, yet these "martyrs," these degenerate "heroes of the sewers" shriek their hysterical victories over unarmed innocents, over women and children and airborne passengers, and then scurry back to the dung heaps from whence they came.

MORRIS GRAUMAN
Johannesburg

Sir / It is nonsense to argue that the cancellation of the Olympics would have constituted a surrender to terrorism. The terrorists were not seeking to close the Olympics or to embarrass the Olympic Committee. They chose the Olympics for their attack because in their search for easy targets they found the Israeli team extremely vulnerable. The proper response would have been to end the Munich Games. By making this great sacrifice, the nations and athletes of the world would have thus proclaimed in more than empty words their belief in the insanity and immorality of terrorism.

HOWARD RABINOWITZ
Albuquerque

Sir / The madness in Munich has been hailed in some Arab quarters as necessary to draw attention to the Palestinian cause. What it draws our attention to, of course, is that the cause is utterly without rational or effective leadership and that its "foreign policy" is being executed by murderous psychopaths. Once again, the legitimate interests of Arab people have been betrayed—by Arabs.

JOHN BROTHERHOOD
Farmington, Conn.

Sir / We who follow the news out of the Middle East were not overly surprised by Munich. We have watched, so often before, this mindless, subhuman killing of innocents—in their beds, in their markets, on their school buses.

Damn the killers. And damn them over again for making us accustomed to the killing.

DAVID L. PASSMAN
Chicago

Sir / Like everyone else, I was deeply shocked and saddened by the senseless murder of the Israeli athletes in Munich. As a young German, I am twice as burdened by the event. The tragic recurrence of it all, shattering. It painfully reminds us of the past horrors and the stigma that we are trying to forget and erase. I personally would

gladly have joined those German officials who offered themselves as hostages to free the Israelis.

(MRS.) RENATA BROUJISE-FURR
Atlanta

Sir / Clearly, the Olympics should have been forgone this year in favor of the Barbaric Games. Suitable sites would have ranged from Death Valley to a moon crater. Contesting teams would have made up in color what they lacked in numbers: the Arabian Assassins, the Belfast Bombers, the Pakistan Predators, and an unattached club—the Skyjackers.

Consider the appeal of the events. The grenade throw. The chop, rip and thump. The high dive (out of a 727). The 32-cal. ambush. The hostage relay. The knife in the backstroke. The decapithon. The duel meet. The cemetery vault.

Traditional ritual could have been observed—if modified—had the official torch bearer put the torch to the entire Barbaric Village before it was vacated.

The Barbaric Games '72 might have provided an orgy of violence sufficient to satiate the bloodthirsty tastes of mankind for a century or two.

W. F. TAYLOR
Pittsburgh

Sir / No glory but shame on Swimmer Spitz for his sickening lamp-shade wisecrack—from one of the millions whose aunts were murdered at Auschwitz.

FREDERICK KOHNEN
Los Angeles

Sir / I was disgusted to read TIME's description of the slow-fire pistol shoot as an "event" that only a Mafia button man could love. The millions of Americans and people abroad who like pistol and/or rifle matches are certainly not Mafia button men.

A MATTHEW BARRERA
Westbury, N. Y.

Sir / The Olympics prove once again "it's not how you play the Game—it's who keeps score."

JAMES BANOS
Glendale, Calif.

Attacking the Source

Sir / "Search and Destroy—The War on Drugs" [Sept. 4] reminded me of the rhetoric so common in Pentagon briefings. TIME states "To really stop the flow of hard drugs, the U.S. must somehow attack the source of supply. To really stop the flow of hard drugs, the U.S. must first recognize and take responsibility for the appetite for drugs that exists in this country. The supply of drugs only contributes to the actual problem which is the demand for them."

CHRISTOPHER K. COOK
Eastsound, Wash.

Sir / Heroin use is a contagious disease. Adicts teach non-addicts during weak moments how to use the drug.

In the U.S. we use quarantine to keep such problems from spreading. If all addicts in an area were rounded up and put in an absolutely tight camp, two problems would be solved: the disease would stop spreading and the crime rate would fall.

CHARLES E. BERTHOUD
Montclair, N. J.

Sir / The global war on heroin is being fought like the Viet Nam War. We are now witnessing a gradual escalation of pressure

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And if you're a Golden File[®] member (that's The Wizard's permanent file), your form can be waiting for you, printed up and ready to sign when you get to the Avis counter to pick up the car you reserved. That's super-fast.

The Wizard also helps us make

sure your bills are letter-perfect. And perfectly accurate.

And when you turn in your car, The Wizard computes your bill automatically and may find you qualify for a lower rate. Even if you didn't ask for it. It's that kind of Wizard.

If you want The Wizard, you'll find it at Avis. And only Avis.

After all, if the competition had a Wizard, don't you think they'd let you know about it?



The Avis Girl. She turns The Wizard on. We like her, too.

Avis. We try harder. And the harder we try, the easier it gets.

**Borzoi English
beats the Russians
at their own game.**



**Borzoi
English.**

First vodka for the martini.
(Pronounce it Bor-Zoy)

LETTERS

on the enemy's supply lines, and we measure success not by body counts but by an equally meaningless statistic: the number of pounds of heroin seized in a search-and-destroy mission. The prognosis for both wars is also similar: a prolonged, expensive and inconclusive stalemate.

ROBERT T. LYONS
Middleton, Wis.

Sir / Trying to cure the heroin problem by destroying the sources of heroin is like trying to cure the problem of overweight by destroying the sources of food. Fantastic.

J. E. SCHMITT
Salem, Ore.

On the Receiving End

Sir / Your article on Remotely Powered Vehicles [Sept. 11] which quotes a "high-level planner" as saying "It will be a great day when only machines make war and people make love" is tragically illuminating.

To overlook the fact that there will be people on the receiving end of such RPVs who will be engaged in the act of dying, not loving, seems to fit the truly Machiavellian if not evil mentalities of those who seek to salve the conscience of the military—and all of us—by such distortions of reality.

ROBERT J. WALKER
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir / From the time that man used his first primitive weapons against his fellows, the only real objection to war is the costly toll in human life and human misery. If we remove the human element, warfare is no longer morally objectionable and, indeed, could be rather a lot of fun.

Under this concept, a battle of the superpowers would be something that everyone would look forward to. Instead of waging large-scale war every 20 or so years, as is now the custom, we might, by popular de-

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**Any airline can call the
front end of the plane
'first class.'
Travel agents call mine
'superior.'
So I throw my girls a bouquet.**

The Red Baron



It takes more than wide seats and champagne to make the front end of a plane first class. That is why I, The Red Baron of Lufthansa German Airlines, am so proud that in a survey American travel agents voted my Senator Service the best transatlantic first-class airline service.

And my superior service continues once you arrive in Germany because nobody knows Germany better than Germany's airline. There my 29 Lufthansa offices will help you obtain everything you need, from a rental car to secretarial and translating services to shopping and sight-seeing.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Lufthansa. The front ends of my planes are not only out front, they are on top.



**Lufthansa
German Airlines**

For the first time in 50 years we're giving our customers a chance to get in on the ground floor.

September 26th is the day. The day we formally open the doors to our brand-new, 6-level building on the corner of State and Monroe. No longer will our customers have to ride the escalator up to our old second-story offices. From now on they all get in on the ground floor.

Maybe you should think about becoming our customer. We're the only bank in the Loop on State Street. Very convenient.

And our new drive-in bank a block north of Congress Street at Dearborn and Van Buren makes it easy for you to do your banking and then whiz right onto any one of three expressways. Super convenient.

We offer a list of banking services as long as your arm (even a travel department). And our years spent back at that upstairs location taught us one lesson: A bank should pay attention to

people instead of just to their money.

So while we're finally getting around to looking more like a bank, we're not planning to act any different.

If all that sounds like a bank you might need, stop by sometime this week or next, and we'll talk.

About some down-to-earth business.



Amalgamated Bank
State and Monroe Streets
serving Chicago since 1922



IF YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING ONE WINE FROM ANOTHER, READ THIS.

First of all, don't feel alone. Probably 99% of the population can't tell a Pinot Noir from a Zinfandel. Or a great Cabernet Sauvignon from a so-so one.

But where

do you go to find out? You read what the wine experts have to say and they all disagree. You read all the wine advertising and everybody's trying to sell his own product.



Cyrano could have used a larger glass. Or a smaller nose.

Nobody has really taken the time to sit down and explain even the most basic things about wine. Until now.

We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it, because it's in our best interest to have you know a great wine when you taste one. After all, that's what we have to sell.

HEIGHTENING YOUR SENSES.

First get yourself a wine glass that exposes the wine to plenty of air. The more air you can expose wine to, the better you can taste it.

And be sure you can get your nose in the glass. That's important because in wine tasting, the nose does 75% of the work. A glass with a 3-inch brim is best for most wines. But if you have a larger than average nose, you'll need a larger than average glass.

NEVER TASTE WINE OVER A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH.



Heavy wine forms "sheets". Light wine forms "legs".

Fill the glass about a third full and set it down on a white tablecloth. That's so you can see the wine's true color.

Now really look at the wine. Check its color. That's the first clue to a wine's taste. Usually, the darker the

color, the fuller the wine. This applies to whites too, which can go from a pale straw to golden. With rosé, look for a crystal clear light pink, with no muddiness.

Now swirl the wine in the glass. A full bodied wine will come down the glass in "sheets". A lighter wine will break into "legs". A good rosé should come down in thin "legs", which indicates delicate body.

Take a good sniff.

This is hard to explain but your nose should confirm everything you've seen with your eyes. A rosé that looks brilliantly clear and is of delicate body should smell that way too.

WHISTLING AT THE TABLE.

Now take a sip of wine, hold it in your mouth, and whistle. Whistle in, not out. Try to get a nice gurgle going.

This technique also allows you to taste the wine for a longer period of time. For it extends that single instant when wine, air, tongue, gums and nose come together for the first time. Thus, it enables you to have more time to make an initial judgment. Keep in mind everything you've experienced with your eyes and nose, should be confirmed with your mouth by this technique.

BUILD A WINE CELLAR IN YOUR BRAIN.

When you actually start your wine tasting education, be sure to follow the chart below. The order is important because you'll be going from light to full bodied in the white wine spectrum. The red wines are listed in a similar fashion. You should work your way through them after you've mastered the whites.

INGLENOOK'S SUGGESTED WINE PROGRESSION CHART

White	Red
White Pinot	Garnat Rosé
Pinot Chardonnay	Garnat Beaujolais
Gros Riesling	Pinot Noir
Sylvaner Riesling	Zinfandel
Johannberg Riesling	Contra
Queen Blau	Chardonnay
Dry Semillon	Cabernet Sauvignon

A WORD OF WARNING.

If you're going to put this much time and effort into learning something about wine tasting, then go for the most expensive wine you can afford. High priced wine is high priced for a reason. Namely, better grapes, and more care goes into the making of the wine.

That said, Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is the most expensive wine made in America. It all comes from the Napa Valley, which wine authorities agree is one of the finest wine producing regions in America, if not the whole world. And it all bears a vintage date, which is a rarity in American wines today.

Estate bottling means we make it from varietal grapes grown in vineyards under our constant supervision.

So if you can swing it financially, get your wine education from Inglenook.

Any good education costs money.



INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

mand, reduce the cycle to four or even two years. War could be held each time in some carefully selected remote area of sufficient size to give it the proper scope and background. This way, war production would never slacken, thereby creating jobs and stimulating economic growth.

Using cameras and TV, the average citizen could participate vicariously in the destruction of war. We would also lose the ambiguity of a war like the one in Viet Nam, and the whole endeavor would be won or lost in terms that Americans really understand—a decisive victory resulting from superior numbers, superior weapons, superior technology.

DARRY COKER
Atlanta

Heights and Depths

Sir / You are dead wrong. TIME: Americans will again go to the moon, and well before the century is over [Sept. 11]. The law of averages militates against John F. Kennedy's being the only enlightened, adventurous President of this half-century. The "great, new American enterprise" has just begun!

CLARK G. REYNOLDS
Orono, Me.

Sir / That Apollo 17 sitting on its pad, the last in a series of spectacular ventures, does cause a "nostalgic sadness" in laymen and scientists alike. But as an oceanographer, I firmly believe that now is the time for down-to-earth, technologically complex, marine projects to receive a vigorous shot in the arm. The ocean industry is far from having reached its full potential, and if given a boost could absorb at least some of the unemployed space workers. The overriding consideration, however, is the soaring pop-

ulation growth on our planet, with its obvious food, space and energy needs—and serious pollution problems too.

DANIEL JEAN STANLEY
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sequel

Sir / In TIME's Press section of Jan. 24, you reported the arrest of *Courier-Journal* Reporter Frank Ashley in Owsley County, Ky., on charges of impersonating a lawyer in order to interview prisoners in a jail. Ashley had earlier written several articles about nepotism in a federal job program in Owsley County. It was a clear case of a reporter being harassed by local officials who disliked his stories. Ashley came to trial, after a change of venue, in Lee County Circuit Court in June. The jury acquitted him of the charges after deliberating only 23 minutes.

GEORGE N. GILL
Managing Editor
The *Courier-Journal*
Louisville

New Neckpiece

Sir / Your story about little Mary Frances Crosby killing the crocodile [Sept. 11] made me ill.

I'd like to take the skin and wrap it around her neck.

ALICE SIMON
Corte Madera, Calif.

Waiting Until June

Sir / I am saving Vance Packard's *A Nation of Strangers* [Sept. 11] to read next June in hopes that it will ease the anxiety re-

sulting from my more than annual uprooting—eight moves in only seven years of marriage.

(MRS.) BARBARA-MILLER GOLDMAN
Augusta, Ga.

Sir / Vance Packard speaks of negative "nomadic values" and then reports "one longtime resident" who still calls on new neighbors only when she is sure they are not at home. It is clear that empty custom is more important to that woman than meeting new people and extending genuine greetings to her neighbors.

Maybe some nomadic Americans are only trying to "rediscover the natural human community," in part by escaping staid, false social values.

(MRS.) DEE ROMAN
Agoura, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

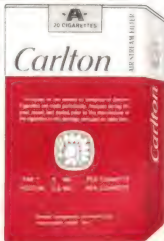
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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**Look for
our Symbol**

Underwriters' Laboratories has been testing for public safety for over 75 years. We have become the largest, independent product safety testing organization in the world. Last year our people completed over 37,000 different assignments covering products from air conditioners to water heaters. We believe we are well qualified to talk to you about product safety.

We work in many areas of product safety.

You are probably familiar with our symbol on electrical appliances and equipment. But we also test building materials, heating, air conditioning and refrigeration equipment, fire protection equipment and systems, burglary protection devices and marine equipment. But more important, our findings are recognized by most municipal, county, state and many federal authorities as evidence of meeting their safety requirements.

Maybe you don't know what the UL symbol stands for.

It means the product manufacturer is also concerned about your safety, and has had his design examined and tested by our engineers. We take testing seriously. Our people learn in a short time what it might take you a month, a year, or even a lifetime to discover by sad experience. We look for things you can't, or wouldn't, even dream of.

A product must earn the symbol.

When we authorize the use of our symbol, it is because a series of difficult and demanding tests designed to measure and safeguard a product's hazards have been successfully completed. And that's only the start.

It's more than a one-time test with us.

We follow up with periodic, unannounced in-plant inspections and tests to see that the manufacturer is living up to our standards when he produces his product. We also check his products on the open market.

Look for the UL symbol.

Our symbol means a qualified, independent laboratory has tested the product design that you're interested in buying. Your trust in our symbol is further enhanced by UL's not-for-profit status and its freedom from manufacturers, vendors or other special interests.

But don't forget your responsibility.

The UL symbol doesn't mean you can use the product recklessly. Read the care and use information that accompanies the product. Observe the warning markings on the product. Remember, we exist to help keep you safe, so don't let us down. Safety is a team effort. Get on the team.



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**America's
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maker of
steel-belted radials.**



In the last year or so, the chances are you've heard a lot about steel-belted radial-ply tires.

And for good reason. Because the fact is, steel-belted radials are the most advanced type of tire you can buy for your car. No matter what kind of car you drive.

Now, before we go into detail to explain the benefits of steel-belted radials, we want to impress upon you one very important fact:

World-wide, Uniroyal has been selling steel-belted radials a good 10 years longer than any other American tire company.

Back in the fifties, we at Uniroyal made a judgement: the steel-belted radial would be the tire of the future. So we went to France, home of the steel-belted radial, to develop our own version of this remarkable tire. (No mean feat, since a radial tire, by nature of its construction, is extremely difficult to produce; and steel belts, by nature of the very material itself, are very difficult to work with.) By 1960, we had a steel-belted radial in production there. And we've had it in continuous production ever since.

The reason we're telling you all this is, simply, that we feel this 10 year head-start we've had over every other American tire manufacturer in perfecting what is a rather difficult tire to produce gives us—and, thereby, you—a distinct and obvious advantage.

What you can expect from a Uniroyal steel-belted radial.

A radial tire has a distinct edge in that the side walls of the tire flex a great deal more than those of a conventional bias-ply tire. This means that much more tread stays on the road at all times. And more rubber on the road means greater control and ease of handling on turns, more stability at high speeds, in passing and on wet surfaces, not to mention superior response in braking.



World-wide, more cars are riding on Uniroyal steel-belted radials than those of any other American tire manufacturer.

Another advantage of having more rubber remain on the road is that your tire will last a great deal longer. (It's not uncommon for a radial-ply tire to last well over 40,000 miles.) This longer wear may well serve to repay you for the initially larger investment that steel-belted radials represent.

And finally, for our double steel belts. Their greater strength (steel belts, obviously, are much stronger than fabric or glass) offers you a tire with exceptional hazard protection, making it an extraordinarily safe tire.

The Uniroyal Zeta 40M steel-belted radial tire gives you the performance of a radial-ply tire and the strength of a steel-belted tire. (Don't let anyone sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. They're not the same as a steel-belted radial.) Made by a company that's had more experience in making this type of tire than any other manufacturer in America.

Should your family be riding on anything less?



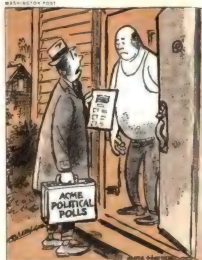
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Oct. 2, 1972 Vol. 100, No. 14



Occupied territory.



"Sorry to bother you again, Sir—this time the question is: 'No kidding, are you sure?' -"

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Continuing Cost of War

For the first time in seven years, a week passed without a single U.S. soldier dying in combat in Indochina. But in that same week, ending Sept. 16, 4,625 North Vietnamese troops reportedly died, as well as 409 South Vietnamese soldiers. Another 1,710 ARVN fighters were hospitalized.

In that same week U.S. military aircraft flew 1,590 sorties in South Viet Nam and 2,120 in North Viet Nam. The South Vietnamese flew another 883 sorties of their own in the South. There were an additional 230 B-52 bombing missions, mostly in the South. The tonnage of bombs dropped in Indochina by U.S. planes since Richard Nixon became President is nearly twice the amount dropped by the Allies in Europe, Africa and Asia in all of World War II. The number of civilian casualties, North and South, is unknown, but 600,000 displaced South Vietnamese still live in refugee camps.

Bilking the Bilker

The cast was a familiar one to South Vietnamese: a Cabinet minister who raked in handsome bribes and payoffs, and his wife, who made occasional trips to Switzerland to deposit the money. But one day, according to a story making the rounds in Saigon last week, the minister's wife was stunned by a bank statement. A check for \$2,000,000 had been duly honored. The only trouble was that neither she nor her husband had written such a check.

Well then, who had? Citing similar

incidents in the past, knowing Saigonese suggested that the CIA might have used expert forgers as a means of punishing the corrupt minister, who was scarcely in a position to complain. All a forger would need in such a case would be an authentic check and a signature with which to practice, or the cipher code of a numbered account. Once that is provided, Swiss banks cash checks for almost any amount with few questions asked. As one banker put it last week: "What's so special about \$2,000,000?"

Expensive Samaritanism

Last June, apparently on a wild impulse, David J. Hanley, 30, dashed out of a cocktail lounge near St. Louis' Lambert Airport. He got into his 1972 Cadillac convertible and crashed it into an American Airlines 727 jet airliner in a foolhardy attempt to stop a skyjacking then in progress. The skyjacker and his hostage crew merely switched to another plane and took off with \$502,500 in ransom (the parachuted safely, but was later arrested). Even so, Hanley was seen by some as a courageous citizen acting boldly to stop a crime.

It now turns out that Hanley would have been much better off had he sat tight and let the proper officials worry about the skyjacking. As a result of his derring-do, he was charged by the Federal Government with interfering with an aircraft. He sustained severe injuries and is accumulating medical bills for which he has not yet been fully compensated by his medical insurance. Moreover, his auto-insurance company is refusing to pay for any of the damages to his demolished car, the plane or the airport fences he drove through.

Hanley might well yearn for the simplicity of biblical days, when the Good Samaritan, reaching humanely to help a stricken traveler, had no need to fret about warrants, lawsuits, the high cost of medical care or the expensive frailties of Cadillacs and jet airliners.

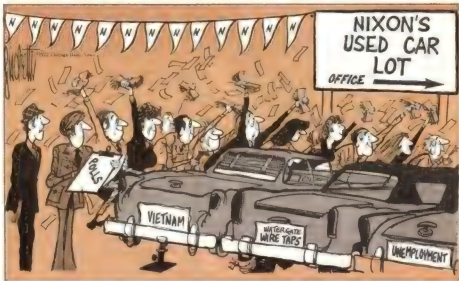
Partners in Pollution

If there were any lingering doubts about whether the Soviet Union had developed a technologically advanced society on a plane similar to that of the U.S., they were dispelled last week. Representatives of both nations signed an agreement to undertake 30 joint scientific projects aimed at combating mutual environmental problems. The U.S.S.R., it seems, is getting to be as dirty as the U.S.

Under the highly specific agreement, Soviet scientists will help American experts probe the air-pollution problems of St. Louis and then do the same in Leningrad. The water pollution of Lake Tahoe will be compared with that of Siberia's Lake Baikal. The capability of both nations to predict earthquakes will be tested along California's San Andreas Fault and in Tadzhikistan's Pamir Mountains. The murky waters of the Delaware and Potomac rivers will be analyzed, along with those of two Soviet rivers yet to be designated. More broadly, the general urban environmental problems of San Francisco and Atlanta will be compared with those of Leningrad and another Soviet city. Each nation, in short, will be examining the seamier side of the other, perhaps marking a new maturity in two powers long inclined to hide comparative weaknesses.



"Which candidate are you most apathetic about?"



"If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it."

THE VOTERS

Nixon Moves Out to an Astonishing Lead

AFTER a month of false starts and wheel spinning, the McGovern campaign bandwagon is definitely on the move—backward. A new TIME poll conducted by Daniel Yankelovich Inc. between Aug. 25 and Sept. 12 shows that McGovern's campaign is having a negative effect: in several states where he has stumped the hardest, he has lost ground; and the issues he has emphasized the most are those that are now hurting him more than ever. The poll finds that Nixon leads McGovern by an astonishing 39 points—62% to 23%.

That is an 11-percentage-point increase over the spread Nixon enjoyed in a TIME/Yankelovich Poll conducted the previous month. The latest poll was based on telephone interviews with 2,239 registered voters in 16 key states with a combined total of 332 electoral votes (270 are needed to win). For McGovern, the figures are almost uniformly bleak. However the American electorate is sliced, by age or income, occupation or ethnic group, party affiliation or religion, McGovern leads the President only among blacks, Jews and college-educated youth. With the exception of the Jews and Germans, Nixon has held or gained ground in every group and on every major issue. Most startling of all, the poll shows that a plurality of Democratic voters now prefer Nixon over their party's own candidate by a margin of 43% to 40%.

In some respects, of course, it is still early in the campaign, and there is still room for fairly drastic swings in voter mood and opinion—and in polls. McGovern's own, released last week, showed Nixon 56%, McGovern 34%,

with 10% undecided. It was taken Sept. 13-15 by telephone among 1,200 voters.

In the past few months, McGovern's image has slipped badly. During the spring primaries, samplings by Yankelovich determined that McGovern projected himself as a "strong liberal." It was precisely his firm and often courageous stands on controversial issues that set him apart from and above the host of other Democratic challengers. Now McGovern is casting a slim and pale shadow. Yankelovich interprets McGovern's new image as that of a "weak radical." Almost one in three voters now believes McGovern to be radical, in spite of the fact that he has softened many of his positions. At the same time and partly for the same reason, three out of four voters, including half of his supporters, agree completely or partly that McGovern is "indecisive." In a country that seems to be growing more conservative, the tag "radical" is more than ever anathema. Add the image of weakness, and the result is a formula for overwhelming defeat.

State by state, issue by issue, category by category, the poll shows almost uniform slippage for McGovern. Among the more revealing findings:

► *Nixon has pre-empted the Viet Nam issue.* Last spring the war in Viet Nam seemed to be the linchpin of McGovern's campaign. So sure was he of his support in that area that he sought to broaden his base and find new issues. But the TIME poll clearly indicates that it is Nixon and not McGovern who is now winning points on Viet Nam. In fact, it appears to be one of Nixon's key strengths and one of McGovern's

most serious weaknesses. The war continues to be the No. 1 issue among voters, but 64% feel the President is "doing everything he can to end it." In the first Yankelovich poll, 47% picked Nixon as the "real peace candidate" compared with 39% for McGovern. This time round, 55% of the voters chose Nixon and only 30% McGovern, a net loss of 17 points in the spread.

► *In spite of the voters' obvious concern over the economy, McGovern's efforts to spell out his own solutions seem to have backfired.* Voters in the sample list the economy as their main concern after the war. But in the same breath, 48% say that Nixon has done everything he can to keep prices down. Asked to choose between the candidates, 52% picked Nixon and only 21% McGovern. Those figures represent a 13-point gain in the spread for Nixon over the previous poll. On which candidate can best close tax loopholes, McGovern led Nixon in the previous Yankelovich poll, 40% to 21%. In the current poll, voters astonishingly picked Nixon, 35% to 31%, even though the President has yet to spell out his tax reform proposals (see THE ECONOMY). McGovern fares no better on welfare and unemployment. Asked whose welfare proposals most resemble their own views, the voters gave Nixon a 25-point spread over McGovern. By a margin of 18 points, they judged him better able to provide jobs for everyone.

► *At the beginning of the campaign, McGovern clearly hoped to draw on a deep well of dissatisfaction and bitterness among American voters—and that may have been his biggest misadventure.*

THE NATION

tion. To be sure, American voters are angry, but what they seem to be angriest about are attacks on their country. Asked if they were sick and tired of hearing people attack patriotism and American values, 75% of the voters sampled, including 59% of McGovern sympathizers, responded yes. Asked their view of the state of the nation, 9% said that they thought things were going "very well" and 50% said that things were going "fairly well," showing a majority relatively content with the status quo. Those twin moods—satisfaction with their own life and fear of those who would change it—surfaced in other responses. Asked whether the country "has to change a lot faster," a

majority of blacks agreed, but a plurality of whites (49% to 46%) did not.

By constantly appealing to people's fears and dissatisfactions and demanding change without articulating a lofty vision of his own, McGovern may well have alienated many of the people he was trying to reach.

► *McGovern has lost his populist appeal.* One month ago, voters picked McGovern over Nixon 47% to 25%, as the man most likely to deal fairly with "the little man." Now those same voters give a 2-percentage-point edge to Nixon on the same question.

► *Although voters believe Nixon is capable of underhandedness to achieve re-election, they seem to think him more honest than McGovern.* Presented a statement saying, "Recent attempts to bug the Democratic headquarters show Nixon will stop at nothing to get re-elected," 21% agreed fully and 12% partly. Yet, asked who "will do more to have an open and trustworthy Administration," two voters picked Nixon for every one who chose McGovern.

Such results seem to fly in the face of logic. McGovern the tax reformer is given no credit for his promise to close loopholes. McGovern the peace candidate is thought less apt to bring peace than Nixon, who has failed to do so in his first term. McGovern the prairie populist is thought less likely to pay attention to the needs of the little man than Richard Nixon, who a majority of voters suspect is too close to big business. These responses suggest that the voters have turned against McGovern for intuitive, seat-of-the-pants reasons having more to do with personality than issues, and that they now rationalize their choice by giving Nixon the benefit of the doubt on issues.

Yankelovich calls this the "halo effect," and believes it colors almost all the answers related to issues. One month ago, voters claimed, by a margin of 45% to 28%, that McGovern would do more to see that minorities are treated "fairly." Now they have neatly flip-flopped on the issues, although nothing concrete has happened in the campaign to cause such a change: 42% now see Nixon as best able to deal with minorities, vs. 31% for McGovern. This makes little empirical sense, but for that very reason it bodes ill for McGovern. More and more, Nixon is gaining momentum as the man who can do no wrong.

The change has affected virtually every geographic and demographic category, as the chart on this page shows. Thus Nixon has increased his lead in every age bracket. For example, one month ago TIME's poll showed McGovern leading by 5 percentage points among the 18- to 24-year-old voters. Now Nixon holds the edge—3 percentage points. Even more ominous, 21% of the college youth and 26% of non-college youth view McGovern less favorably now than a month ago.

In the first TIME poll, McGovern led among Jews by a mere 7 percent-

age points. Making headway in his effort to overcome his problem with Jews, he has increased that margin to 20 points, presumably a sign that Jews are lining up along more classic liberal and economic issue lines. This seems so because when it comes to who can deal more fairly with Israel, Jewish voters still prefer Nixon 36% to 23%. The change among black voters is perhaps the most startling. In the first TIME poll, McGovern's lead among blacks was 73% to 10%. Now it stands at 55% to 20%, a loss of 28 in the spread.

Robin Hood. In spite of McGovern's Robin Hood tax proposals, which would hit the rich and benefit the poor, he has lost as much ground among the lower economic groups as he has among wealthier voters. Voters earning less than \$7,500 now give Nixon a 22% margin over McGovern, exactly double the margin of a month ago. Nixon increased his spread by 15 points among blue-collar workers and 5 points among union members. Surprisingly, Nixon stretched his lead further among middle-income voters (\$7,500 to \$15,000) than among the rich (\$15,000 and over), who stand to lose the most from McGovern's economic policies—possibly because of McGovern's strength among rich but liberal professionals.

For McGovern, the worst news in the poll is that Nixon seems to be pulling the country to the right, while voters perceive McGovern drifting to the left. At present, three out of four voters describe themselves as either conservative or moderate, and almost the same proportion see Nixon in one of those two stances. Yet they view McGovern as going in the other direction, in spite of all his attempts to stake out a more nearly middle-of-the-road position. Back in July and August, only 22% of the voters called McGovern radical. Now 30% see him as such, while only 1% of the voters put themselves in the same category. Rather than getting in step with the average American voter, McGovern seems further out of step than ever.

In all probability, the most frustrating finding for McGovern is that the majority of voters agree with him that Nixon should come out of hiding and participate in a nationally televised debate. Such a confrontation now seems as unlikely as those other developments the McGovern camp was hoping for—major Republican goofs, the explosion of the Watergate scandal, an upheaval in Viet Nam. There are still six weeks left, of course—plenty of time for something major to happen in this already volatile campaign. Polis, it is always necessary to remember, do not predict, they only describe the voters' state of mind at the moment. But if the election were held today, McGovern would join those presidential aspirants buried under the country's historic landslides—Henry Clay, Horace Greeley, Alton Parker, James Cox, Alfred Landon, and of course Barry Goldwater.

Supposing the election were held today, whom would you vote for: Nixon the Republican or McGovern the Democrat?

	Nixon	McGovern	Not sure	Nixon's gain (or loss) over first poll
TOTAL	62%	23%	15%	+11
California	59	28	13	+9
Texas	71	18	11	+14
Michigan	65	21	14	+12
Illinois	59	23	18	+3
Ohio	63	23	14	+10
Pennsylvania	61	21	18	+18
New York	57	26	17	+14
Other Nine States	62	22	16	+8
Republican	93	1	6	+8
Democrat	43	40	17	+11
Ind./Other	61	18	21	+6
Male	63	24	13	+7
Female	61	22	17	+13
18-24 Total	46	43	11	+8
18-24 College	40	53	7	+2
18-24 Non-College	49	34	17	+5
25-49	65	21	14	+10
50-64	61	21	18	+3
65 & Over	65	19	16	+20
Blacks	20	55	25	+28
Catholic	58	24	18	+10
Protestant	69	18	13	+9
Jewish	32	52	16	-13
Irish	66	20	14	+13
German	66	19	15	-5
East European	46	33	21	0
Italian	68	21	11	+28
Blue Collar	59	23	18	+15
White Collar	69	18	13	+13
Prof./Exec.	65	26	9	-1
Under \$7,500	52	30	18	+11
\$7,500 to \$15,000	63	21	16	+11
Over \$15,000	66	22	12	+5
Liberal-Radical	33	54	13	+12
Moderate	65	19	16	+13
Conservative	76	13	11	+10

The Confrontation of the Two Americas

THE country seemed in an odd, suspended mood. The great quadrennial division of the national house to elect or re-elect the President did not yet seem to have seriously begun—or else had already taken place so early and quietly that in effect there would be no real contest. Certainly the campaign has thus far failed to catch the national imagination, a fact that has something to do with the candidates who are running. There was little buoyancy and no euphoria in the American mood, but some of the stronger political poisons seemed to have been drained. The war, taxes, inflation, unemployment, the environment—no one could claim that these issues had disappeared, but they were festering less now. Some curious instauration of the '50s seemed to be at work in the psychology of 1972, almost a conscious revolt against the extravagant, Halloween '60s.

One saw it, for example, on the nation's campuses as the first fragrances of autumn suffused the air and the football season started. If the hair was often as long as before, there was also a *déjà vu* of cardigans, Bass Weejuns and button-down collars. Fraternities were pursuing pledges as if Pat Boone and Johnny Mathis had never gone away. One recent night at George Washington University in Washington, the student

rathskeller and the bowling alleys were jammed. Berkeley, cradle of the free speech movement, reverberated to the thock of tennis balls.

In large and small ways, the Republican political effort reflected and enhanced this mood. By campaigning little, Nixon suggests, as he means to, an air of ordered normalcy, of the business of the country going along as usual. When he does swing out on a rare foray, as he did last week to Texas, there are overtones of other days. His major remarks there were an old-fashioned scolding of "permissive" judges whose leniency from the bench in dealing with hard-drug traffickers is a "weak link" in the attack on the heroin problem. At one point during the trip, visiting a high school in Rio Grande City, he sat down at a piano like Harry Truman and banged out *Happy Birthday* on the old 88 for a Democratic host Congressman while the students chorused the words. In fact, of course, Nixon has moved way beyond the '50s politically and philosophically, as is shown by his major diplomatic moves of conciliation toward the Communist powers and a number of his domestic proposals. But in his manner and calculated appeal, he invites the electorate to come home to an earlier, no longer quite real America.

In contrast, the McGovern campaign marches to the rhythms of the long, Wagnerian '60s: the blacks' upheaval, the war and the defense machine, a generation's uprising (or dropping out), the industrial-ecological

dilemma, the battle for privacy, the feminist movement, the sexual revolution. It was in this context that McGovern's candidacy was shaped and his nomination became possible. For McGovern and his people it is not possible after such events to envision the nation relapsing quietly into some smooth semblance of the middle Eisenhower years. Too much has changed. Another awareness, another America was born in those years of the last decade.

Rot. Hurting in morale and above all for money because of his bad showing in the polls, McGovern lashed out: "I think the polls are a lot of rot. I think they make these things up in the back room." Nonetheless, he released his own poll, which showed his cause not nearly so hopelessly behind as the general surveys. Touring the big cities last week, sometimes he was the angry, fundamentalist McGovern. Holding aloft a U.S. pineapple bomb in Philadelphia, he cried, "Does it increase our honor because the color of the bodies has been changed from white to yellow? Their blood is still red. They are still children under God." Before an assembly of unionists in Detroit, where antibusing sentiment runs high, he was uncompromising. With the exception of the war, McGovern said, "there is no darker chapter in the presidency of Richard Nixon than his exploitation of the difficult questions and emotions surrounding this issue of busing."

So far, McGovern's call to moral arms is going largely unanswered. It is as if the comfortable had closed ranks against the claims and the calls to conscience put forward by the less fortunate.



McGOVERN SPEAKING IN CHICAGO CHURCH



NIXON ENTERTAINING IN RIO GRANDE CITY, TEXAS

THE NATION



GIRL FOR NIXON AT MIAMI BEACH & McGOVERN SUPPORTERS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA



nate, or were at least arguing that their approach would ultimately most benefit all. And the comfortable seemed to be in the majority in the fall of 1972. They are in rebellion against the mass consciousness raising attempted by the protesters of the '60s, and weary too of the depredations of youth culture and the S.D.S., the noise of rock carmagnole and the further anarchisms of the "do it" ethic of Rubin and Hoffman. In the adolescence of 19th century Romanticism, the French Poet Théophile Gautier proclaimed: *Plûtôt la barbarie que l'ennui*. Now the American mood would reverse the formula: better boredom than that new barbarism. Says Sociology Professor Robert K. Merton of Columbia University: "What McGovern faces is a cumulative counterreaction to much of the mass protests of the last few years, and he is being penalized for them. He is representing the wave, in the short run, not of the future but of the recent past."

Choice. McGovern is trying to fight his way clear of association with past radical excess. As he told a group of New Jersey labor leaders almost apologetically: "It's nothing radical to call this nation to the principles on which it was founded." The central theme of his candidacy, he argues, is not that darker side of the '60s, but the decade's loftier impulses: civil rights, equality, more open and humane government, the older and classically Democratic concern for the little man against special interests and corporations. In those enthusiasms he has had a wider following, and probably a firmer hold on the future, than his polls would indicate. It was Nixon who first declared that the election offered the clearest choice of the century—and McGovern quickly and happily agreed. Both candidates may have been right. What seems to have intervened is McGovern's personal failure.

Professor Sidney Hook of New York University believes that the country is ready for most of McGovern's domestic proposals, but that "what peo-

ple fear most is his unpredictability." Or, as a Princeton student told an interviewer scornfully: "You can say that I'm 1,000% behind McGovern." In modifying his stands on some issues, in failing to control his staff, particularly in the Eagleton affair, whose negative resonance across the country still haunts McGovern to a remarkable degree, the Democratic nominee emerged in the public view as an ineffectual leader and manager. Indeed, his seeming ineptness may well have become the issue obscuring all others, thus diluting the purity of the "clearest choice in a century" between two programs and philosophies. If McGovern is turning off the voters to the extent that the latest polls suggest, it is nearly impossible to determine to what degree they are resisting his program—or their perception of it—and to what extent they merely distrust his effectiveness as a leader.

McGovern's program as amended is actually less radical than many voters seem to think; with some exceptions, it is a quantitative extension of past Democratic propositions, and in some areas it comes quite close to Richard Nixon's own plans. But the two men are nonetheless each embodiments of ideas larger than either of their somewhat unprepossessing personalities. They represent different instincts about America. In their casts of characters and processes, the Republican and Democratic conventions this year said much of it. They suggested almost two different countries, two different cultures, two different Americas.

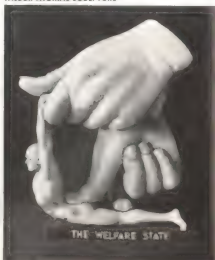
In the face of the ruinous polls, where is the McGovern America? McGovern apparently commands a majority of only the college young, the blacks and the Jews. But the McGovern constituency, actual and potential, is not a matter of race, economic class or education. Like Nixon, McGovern has support among millionaires, blue-collar workers, suburbanites—not nearly so much as the President of course. But it may be that as an idea, an instinct, the McGovern phenomenon is more wide-

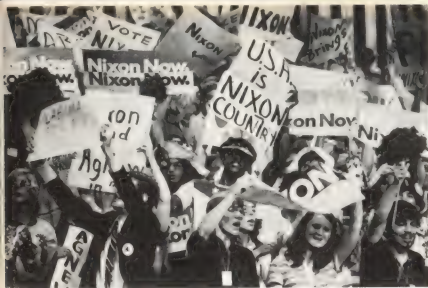
spread than the polls indicate. "In a broad sense," writes Arthur Schlesinger Jr., "the election of 1972 will be the politics of authority and the Establishment versus the politics of change. If McGovern is right on the currents of change, his appeal will reach into every part of our society."

Republicans smile at such thinking as a species of self-delusion. Nixon, they argue, is just now in the process of mobilizing an extraordinary new G.O.P. coalition from blocs pirated from, or abandoned by the Democrats—the South, Catholic ethnics, blue-collar workers, the noncollege young—along with more traditional Republican voters. Says Kevin Phillips, author of *The Emerging Republican Majority*: "McGovern represents a new radical elite that has taken control of the Democratic Party and alienated much of the traditional party structure in the process."

The ideas of the two Americas can be found deeply laminated in the characters of the candidates themselves. It may be, as TIME's Hugh Sidey observes, that the difference is rooted in the Sunday schools of Yorba Linda, Calif., and Mitchell, S. Dak. Richard Nixon was the Quaker, sitting in a tiny loft room

WILBUR THOMAS SCULPTURE





NIXON YOUTHS AT REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION & McGOVERN GIRL AT UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

with a few neighborhood children beside his father, who was the teacher. The children were taught to look inward. The emphasis was on the individual, what he felt, what he could and should do. Each person created his own world.

For George McGovern, there was the constant cry for self-sacrifice, to reach out beyond oneself to help and teach and preach. Personal striving was part of it, but people should be uplifters, missionaries, and should share with the poor, comfort the bereaved.

In youth, Nixon carved out his commercial and educational way in a California that was luminous with opportunity, even in Depression days. The Nixons worked hard and suffered, but always there was opportunity through discipline. Sheltered but driven, he was molded by the society of merchants in which he developed.

Out in George McGovern's prairie, the dreams faded in the '20s. Mitchell would never be Detroit. For some reason—climate, falling farm prices, no jobs—people left South Dakota. Instead of the sunny optimism that glowed through the hard years in California, there was little more than grasshoppers and blizzards in answer to the prayers

of country parsons. They were people who felt overpowered not only by the elements but by other men. McGovern saw it from the front pew, saw it when he hunted rabbits over the parched countryside. Always there were the Scriptures ringing in his head—someone worse off to be helped, someone more unhappy to cheer.

Nixon went after personal achievement and material success. Life became a contest where the strong and persistent endured, the controlled and clever won the field. Each person looked out for himself and his, worried about his own life more than his neighbor's. Horatio Alger may have entered McGovern's life, but not nearly so much as the apostle Peter. If there was endurance and struggle and self-improvement, it was often related to other people or grander designs. In those small towns of Depression days the churches taught history through the Bible and the music that came out of musty pump organs. There was the faint whiff of adventure from the missionary letters. So McGovern went out to serve people and to understand the world a little better.

Neglect. Not much has really changed in the two men since they both went off to war. They learned their arts, studied their legislative and political crafts. But Nixon sees the world as an arena of individual initiative, where each man is expected to do all he can within his abilities. His nation, he still insists, is a place of almost limitless opportunity where hard work and brains can bring a man wealth or power, which translate very easily with Nixon into happiness. George McGovern still sees the world as a place of natural cruelties, where strong men are supposed to help others before themselves.

In the world of the presidency, Nixon believes that the people can pretty much run themselves if left alone. A spirit of laissez-faire—to the point of "benign neglect"—suffuses his thinking. Thus a major purpose of Washington is to guard against too much governmental encroachment. It is ironic that

under Nixon, the Government has imposed economic controls and grown bigger than ever. But he believes that he has stirred more initiative in the court-houses and state capitols.

In a more missionary spirit, McGovern would use government as a moral force to create equal rights, to give to the poor, to provide jobs for the jobless, food for the hungry, security for families that cannot compete, medical care for the old and the very young. He sees government as the problem solver. His view is fundamentally domestic, concentrated on the problems around him that he can see and hear and understand. The foreign scene tends to intrude only in cases like Viet Nam, which he feels is a moral outrage that has depleted the nation's resources.

Nixon, in his preoccupation with personal achievement, with toughness and endurance, assumes finally that almost every American has had the same open field before him as he has had. Classic competitive liberalism too often leaves little room for compassion. His best friends are self-made millionaires. His inner sense of America harbors no place for failure and limited room for mistakes. Work is all. "Because I believe in human dignity," Nixon has said, "I am against a guaranteed annual wage. If we were to underwrite everybody's income, we would be undermining everybody's character." Yet he himself has proposed a guaranteed annual income. He admires strength, both moral and physical, and equates negotiating strength with military power.

Privacy. Nixon calls them "the old values"—parental authority, a stand against permissiveness, law-and-order before civil rights. In the process he has presided over increasing surveillance and broader arrest patterns. Despite his praise for traditional values, the question of privacy has been submerged in the fight against crime and subversion. He too often lacks compassion and equates conformity with conscience. He is apt to ignore basic changes occurring in the U.S. by simply conjuring up an

JOAN KENNEDY & PRO-McGOVERN ART



image of national well-being, perhaps a sentimentalized vision emanating from the America of his young manhood.

McGovern's America, by contrast, is tinged with utopia—a land of peace and prosperity. The rich would still be rich, but a lot less so. The poor would be poor no more. The hungry would be fed, the unemployed would have work, crime would be curbed, schools and hospitals built and the drug pushers jailed. There would be no war, but the nation's defenses would remain strong. Aid for Israel, but none for Viet Nam. The environment would be cleansed. Inflation would end.

It is a glowing vision, but is it realistically attainable? And if so, how much would it cost to sustain it? Most of his life, McGovern has been an influencer, a talker, a thinker. He has the visionary sense, but his campaign thus far reflects his distaste for details, for organization—a quality that has disturbed many American voters, even among his own followers.

Each candidate has a resonance to his own America. Within each constituency, voters repeat their candidate's themes and even rhetoric with a precision that is sometimes eerie. A one-word common denominator prevails in the Nixonian America: the sense of "system." The free enterprise system, the law-and-order system, even the "family unit" system—they are the recurring images among Nixon supporters. Their antonym is "chaos," not utopia. They are apprehensive of the disorders that the late '60s adumbrated to them, the turmoils that they suspect a McGovern accession might bring.

In two weeks spent in interviewing Nixon supporters across the nation, TIME Correspondent Champ Clark found that "Nixonians are not against change. I have yet to meet one who wants the U.S. to stay exactly the way it is. But they have in kindred spirit a sense of orderliness, of tidiness. They are fond of saying that their political stance is 'evolutionary, not revolution-



LUNCHING SECURITY ANALYSTS LISTENING TO MCGOVERN IN NEW YORK

ary.' It was in this meaning that Richard Frank, vice president of Schenley Distillers, Inc., rolled his eyes heavenward and summed up his political desires: "Please don't rain on my parade."

The Nixon nation is a varied and obviously populous place. The issues of the campaign, strangely enough, strike little fire—the talk is apt to be more of principles. Where Nixon supporters do discuss issues, their opinions tend toward the predictable: "peace with honor" in a war that the President inherited and is only trying to end—just don't turn it over to the Communists overnight. (It is interesting that the word *Commie* has all but disappeared from the political lexicon.) No amnesty for draft resisters. Busing is bad, or else does not matter much any more.

Nixonians generally are against wage and price controls in principle. But in practice they are not so sure. McGovern's economics, they agree, would be disastrous, especially the Senator's proposals to tax capital gains as regular income. Welfare arouses even more emotion—against it. A retired Floridian summed up the Nixonian attitude: "Give 'em a shovel."

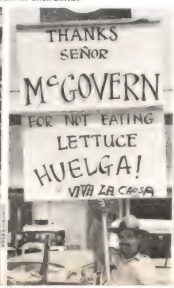
► Ewell Pope is a 44-year-old self-made Atlanta millionaire who came back from Korea with a Silver Star, a

Purple Heart and a lucidly aggressive desire to "aspire and achieve in the system." Today he is a partner in Crow, Pope & Land Enterprises, one of Atlanta's largest real estate developers. Having grown up on a tiny Georgia farm, he feels entitled to declare: "This country has always been a place where anyone who was willing to work at it could rise up to some degree." He is anti-racist: "If someone asked my wife to sit in the back of the bus, I'd be the meanest man alive." He explains part of the reason he is voting for Nixon: "The political values of this country are mainly middle-class. Because this group believes in human rights, people have sometimes been too anxious to right any human wrong that occurs, and they have given the Federal Government powers to go in and right what seems wrong at the time. But you are never going to get those powers back from the Federal Government. I have been in almost every country in the world by now. Every time I get a little bit upset with our system, I can still come back and marvel at how great it is."

► Paul Berg, 19, of Seattle, Wash., was one of the Young Voters for the President who cheered from the galleries in Miami Beach last month. A student at Shoreline Community College, he works part-time tending pumps at a local gas station. Berg is one of the thousands of young voters with whom the Republicans mean to disabuse the McGovernites about their hold on the young. "I never went in for protests or demonstrations," Berg says, "but some of my friends did. The country has broken out of its low point. In 1968-70, everybody seemed down on the United States. But now I think the country is getting back on its feet. We've got a good system, you know. I do wish we had a little more patriotism. I don't mean 'America—love it or leave it,' or anything like that. But just a little more pride in our country."

► G.S. Donnell, 62, sold out his North Carolina oil-truck fleet two years ago and retired to Fort Lauderdale, where he lives with his wife in a stylish condominium apartment. "After I retired," he says, "we traveled all over the United States in a station wagon, sleep-

WORKERS' SENTIMENT FOR & AGAINST LETTUCE BOYCOTT IN CALIFORNIA





UNITED AUTO WORKERS AT MCGOVERN MEETING IN LORDSTOWN, OHIO

ing on the ground in sleeping bags. I know this nation. I have felt it. I have smelled it. It is a beautiful country, and it has got a good system. I am a strong believer in earning what you get. This is what life is all about."

► Michael O'Neil, 43, emigrated from Ireland 20 years ago, now works as a carpenter in Manhattan's Rockefeller Center. He voted for John Kennedy in 1960, but this year is going for Nixon. "This ultraliberal bit is just too much," he says. "You know, promising people the sun and the moon when you know you can't give it to them. My nephew lost his life in Viet Nam. He believed in being over there, in living up to the responsibility of large countries to help little ones. It's like living in the neighborhood around here in Flushing. When a neighbor has trouble, you help out where you can."

► Sanford Fray, 58, a black optometrist in Harlem, disputes the Democrats' complete hold on black Americans. "Our country needs a strong President if we are to survive," he says, explaining why he favors Nixon. "There is no doubt in my mind that McGovern will get a lot of votes in Harlem, it being a heavy welfare area. But America didn't become great by the inhabitants sitting down and stretching their hands out to the Federal Government. You know, I can't get an errand boy. It's more profitable to be on welfare."

If in Nixon's America the language tends to be angular and mechanical, to speak of systems and order, in McGovern's nation it is a more humanistic vocabulary of "decency," "compassion" and "integrity." The idea of "a restoration of faith in government" recurs, a vaguely spiritual impulse focusing on confidence and trust. If Nixonians talk of what is "right with the country," McGovernites almost by definition are impelled by a sense of what is wrong with it and what could be better. They express a sense of the U.S. gone awry, of government wrested from the people to serve unholy ends—a war the people did not want, or corporate privilege.

In two weeks of interviews in McGovern's America, TIME's Gregory Wierzynski found that the operative word is almost always "tone"—to

change the tone of government, of the country. A young McGovern pollster, Pat Caddell, explained his feelings: "It is more a question of moral leadership than of program. It is the goal of reconciliation and salvation, of the spirit he gives the country more than the bills he proposes or programs he initiates." Yet if McGovern's America is a reflection of his personality, the man himself evokes none of the adulation that characterized, say, the John and Robert Kennedy campaigns, or even the Eugene McCarthy campaign. Even among his own faithful, he comes across as a cool and somewhat distant figure, perhaps a touch pedestrian. No waves of shrieking teen-agers engulf him; his cuff links are always in place when he emerges from a crowd.

► David Benway, 37, of Excelsior, Minn., a salesman for a mail-order printing house, voted for Barry Goldwater in 1964. But in 1968, he explains, "I was in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. I took three days off and wandered around the riot zones and listened to McCarthy. I became very despondent about the machine, the whole state of affairs. I started listening to the kids and to McCarthy, and I got very excited. Now we're [he and his wife] active in the ecology movement." Benway

favors busing: "I want my kids exposed to blacks, and to poor blacks. I think it would be nothing but good." But the basis of his support for McGovern is Benway's commitment to "total nonviolence." Says he: "Kids with guns aren't allowed in our yard. We're trying to stress that we feel killing is bad." He sees an ethic of militarism in Nixon: "We're supposedly a democracy, and yet we're approaching an authoritarian state here."

► Samuel Koffler, 66, is a dapper Chicago importer who grew up in a Jewish enclave of Harlem. He has donated \$1,000 to the McGovern campaign and plans to give more. "What concerns me," he says, "is that Nixon and his Government treat us as chattels, as if this country were their own special province and they lead us to do what it is right for them. We are spending \$80 billion a year on defense, and frankly I don't feel any safer." The specifics of McGovern's proposals don't concern Koffler. "I've learned not to pay attention to campaign oratory," he explains. "My feeling is only that McGovern is to be trusted. To me, McGovern represents the good, solid, wholesome America around which our traditions were built. Rather than putting billions into destroying Viet Nam, think what a wonderful country this would be if we invested the same amount into jobs and hospitals and housing."

► Harold Willens, 58, calls himself "a dyed-in-the-wool capitalist." A wealthy Los Angeles realtor, he started out in utter poverty. "McGovern," says Willens, "is a man whose concerns are deeply human and deeply moral. As things are, we are putting our money where our myths are—like the myth of the domino theory—and we napalm little children and contravene the ideals for which this country was founded. We have lost our soul in Indochina, and this has created a fantastic crisis of confidence. People have lost faith in their Government, and the economy depends on confidence in our democracy." Nixon

OLDER CITIZENS FOR NIXON (LEFT) AND FOR MCGOVERN IN MIAMI BEACH





NIXON SUPPORTER JOHN CONNALLY & McGOVERN BACKER GOLFREY CONNALLY

on, says Willens, "is looking at the world through a rear-view mirror. Meantime these devastating problems are creeping up on us. We need leadership that's interested in the country and the world rather than its own hang-ups—clichés like not being the first President to lose a war." Nor is Willens concerned that McGovern's tax policies would ruin his own fortune. "We will get what we pay for," he says. "Not an extra mink coat for Mr. Willens, but more stability and the survival of the system that I love and that has worked for me. We must share in order to keep."

► Golfrey Connally, 53, is a liberal economics professor at Texas' San Antonio College. He is also the younger brother of former Treasury Secretary John Connally, who now heads Democrats for Nixon. Golfrey and Brother John do not see eye to eye on the presidential campaign. "Nixon," says Golfrey Connally, "is a master of the art of manipulation—equating patriotism with support of his policies. By implication, critics are subversives." Nixon understands the public fear of dramatic change, says Golfrey Connally, "but

there is no alternative to coming to grips with the complex issues. Nixon cannot talk away rising crime or worsening trade imbalance or never-ending wars. The divisiveness of this Administration—openly pitting rich against poor, old against young, white against black—is unprecedented in our time. Nixon and his board-chairman friends are usually cynics who believe society to be incapable of much improvement."

► Marjorie Benton, 37, is the daughter-in-law of former Connecticut Senator William Benton, the publisher of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Active in politics since the first Adlai Stevenson campaign, she has been an effective McGovern fund raiser, drumming up over \$1,000,000 from wealthy acquaintances and friends. "There are a lot of people being left out of the benefits of the society," she argues. "Benefits such as being able to get off welfare and get a job. To have decent cities and play areas and unpolluted lakes. It sounds utopian, but I really feel that way. I feel very privileged, and I just wish everyone had as much as I do. And I'm willing to give up something and try to have

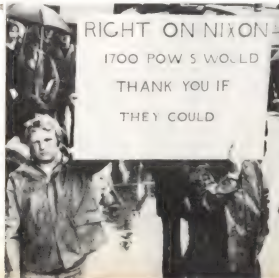
that happen. Money is a product of society, and I really feel that you owe it back to society."

Harvard Sociologist David Riesman sees the McGovern constituency as an expression of the anti-institutional force that has long existed in American life—a force today heavily represented in the press, the advertising community and the liberal Protestant and emancipated Catholic clergy. Says Riesman: "Their attitudes have strong roots in frontier anarchism and feelings of independence"—though it is a frontier and an independence quite different from Nixon's version.

Riesman argues that the McGovern constituency is basically a professional elite but "is not part of the institutional, organizational, day-by-day America. They don't think this America is really necessary, that it can all be done mechanically. They have very little sense of that other day-by-day America." It may be that McGovernites, in espousing income redistribution and higher inheritance taxes, have profoundly misjudged the American character and some of its deepest aspirations. Even some of McGovern's own supporters use the curious argument that such proposals are not to be taken entirely seriously because, after all, Congress would still be there to put the brakes on any idea it thought too radical.

As an example of that lack of touch with the other America, Riesman cites the abortion issue. "It was madness to confront the country with it at the convention," he says. "It's an issue of great importance to liberated women—and others of course—but think of the unliberated women. For many of them the right to get an abortion simply means that they have no way of holding on to their men when they get pregnant. A considerable part of the blue-collar and farm population only gets married when the girls get pregnant." That tactical judgment is quite aside from the moral substance of the question which matters greatly to many people who consider abortion simply wrong. Nor is

TWO NIXON FANS PASSING ANTIWAR GROUP IN PITTSBURGH; VIET NAM VETS PROTESTING NIXON POLICY AT G. O. P. CONVENTION



NIXON FANS—CONVENTION



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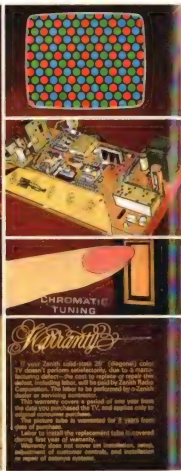
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AGRICULTURE

The Wheat Deal (Contd.)

abortion in any sense a significant campaign issue; McGovern's present official stand is the same as Nixon's—the matter should be left to the states to decide—and there is no doubt that in the near future the U.S., as a whole, will allow women to have abortions more or less at will. To Riesman, the whole question is simply an illustration of how McGovern comes across to the voters.

Robert Coles, a psychiatrist who has written sympathetically of Middle America, suggests that the electorate as a whole is very much like the individual voter. "In every person," he says, "there are various contradictions and ambiguities. These shift, and in an election it is as if magnets were pulling them one way or the other." Desires for peace or better education or tax justice or income redistribution are balanced against anxieties about change, about losing what one already has.

In Coles' view, the dissatisfaction with the war, inflation, unemployment, the cost of living, political espionage and the like—all these strands could have been seized by a Democratic candidate and woven into a decisive electoral majority. In some ways, Nixon himself made this possible by his dealings with Russia and China, removing in Coles' phrase "the connection between social changes and some sinister foreign force." Coles and many other observers believe that McGovern has been trapped on the left and is in the nearly impossible position of having to move convincingly toward the center. Some other candidates, such as F.D.R. and Robert Kennedy, started in the center and moved progressively left, drawing their constituencies with them.

"There is no section of the country," says Coles, "where complaints and difficulties and a yearning for something better doesn't exist. Most people still want to vote for the Democratic Party, but they are afraid that the party is not what they want it to be, that some odd sector of the party has seized control."

Weariness. So for the moment, the Nixonian star is ascendant—not so much because the President has captured and guided the nation's imagination but almost by default. Indeed, there are those who suspect that this election has as much to do with 1976 as 1972: an enormous Nixon victory might enhance the party's post-Nixon chances four years hence.

For this year, neither candidate so far has been much of a national inspiration. In fact, it may be that the American people themselves are far ahead of both Nixon and McGovern—more conservative perhaps than they used to be but weary of simplicities on both sides. Within the two Americas, one common denominator is a sophistication in the people that neither candidate has been respecting very much, and beyond that, there is a desire for one America rather than two—something that neither candidate seems capable of meeting.

The complexities of the grain market are too confusing to permit quick conclusions on whether the Nixon Administration's wheat deal with the Soviet Union led to improper profits and thus amounts to another scandal from which the Democrats ought to be able to reap campaign benefits. But one facet of the highly complex situation looked like a clear-cut case of conflict of interest. Two high Government officials involved in the negotiations with the Russians quit their Agriculture Department jobs to take top positions with two U.S. exporting firms that had much to gain from the Soviet sales. Last week one of these officials, Clarence Palmby, an Assistant Secretary of Agricul-

grain buyers on a sightseeing tour of Washington, D.C. On July 5, Continental sold 150 million bu. of wheat and 4½ million tons of feed grains to Russia. This was three days before the Administration announced its big grain deal. After the announcement, Continental quickly sold Russia another 37 million bu. of wheat.

When Palmby denied bringing any inside information to Continental, no one on the committee pressed him on why Continental sold wheat at precisely the same terms as those announced three days later by the White House. No one questioned why Continental would commit itself to selling 150 million bu. to Russia without some assurance that the Agriculture Department would protect its price by raising the export subsidy—as it later did. Because of the amount of money involved, Con-



RUSSIAN VESSEL PICKS UP GRAIN IN PORT OF KALAMA, WASH.

The questions were perfunctory, the investigation inept.

ture who became a vice president of Continental Grain Co. at far more than his \$38,000 federal salary, was called before Texas Democrat Graham Purcell's House Agriculture Subcommittee on Livestock and Grains. When the brief hearing was over, Purcell declared that "if there was anything done that was legally wrong, we didn't prove it."

He did not, in fact, try. Purcell's questions were perfunctory, and all of Palmby's denials of advance information and unusual profits for his new bosses were accepted at face value. Yet Palmby's story invites skepticism. He testified that he was asked to join Continental last March, took part in initial negotiations with the Russians in Moscow in early April, discussed the sales further in Washington with the Soviet deputy of foreign trade in May, and announced his intention to resign two days later. He joined Continental on June 8—and on July 2, he escorted the Soviet

Continental apparently risked heavy losses without such assurance.

Moreover, advance knowledge of the impending sale would have given Continental an enormous potential for gain. The company, knowing it could not lose, could have speculated heavily in wheat futures. Its officials could have quietly instructed their agents to buy all the wheat they could at the low prices then in effect, but hold off their subsidy payment claims until the export subsidy rose. The subcommittee's small staff had gathered no evidence that Continental had done any such thing—but no one thought to ask Palmby about it. Earlier, Purcell's subcommittee had allowed Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz to avoid any discussion of specific market transactions concerning wheat on the ground that confidential trade secrets were involved. Butz admitted, after previous denials, that one of his aides had tipped off six large export

THE NATION

companies about an impending change in subsidy policy.

Purcell's gingerly approach apparently stems from the fact that he faces a tough re-election fight in Texas and is not sure how his constituents view the issue. The ineptness of his probe has taken some steam out of other congressional groups interested in examining the deal. A subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee, with far more expertise, has been waiting to dig deeper into the potential conflict-of-interest situation.

Other examinations into the wheat deal are still in progress, however. Vice President Spiro Agnew last week announced that the FBI was investigating whether any large U.S. exporters had made illegal profits in the deal. That surprising concession led newsmen to check the FBI, where they were told no such probe had been directed. One day later, the FBI did get such an order from the Justice Department, creating a debate over whether this was done only because Agnew had mistakenly said it was under way or whether Agnew had merely misunderstood the timing. The Commodity Exchange Administration, an arm of the Agriculture Department, has launched a study of the Kansas City Board of Trade, which deals in the kind of wheat sold in greatest bulk to Russia, to see if exporters have been placing heavy orders late in a trading day to boost the following day's wheat export subsidy. The General Accounting Office is also looking into the activities of both the Agriculture Department and the big traders in the deal.

Whether there was any illegal or unethical conduct is yet to be determined. There is general agreement, however, that the Russians made a shrewd deal, demonstrating intimate knowledge of the capitalistic U.S. market. They got themselves out of a serious grain shortage at bargain prices. The U.S., in return, found a new market for its grain, which will help decrease its balance of payments deficit. Most wheat farmers should benefit in the long run from the higher prices. One byproduct of the wheat and corn sales to the Russians, however, is that they will feed inflation in the U.S., particularly in pressures on the price of bread, pork and beef.

INVESTIGATIONS

New York's Supercop

Not since a crusading young attorney named Thomas E. Dewey was appointed special prosecutor in 1935 had there been such a dramatic move to fight crime in New York City. Acting on the recommendation of the Knapp Commission, which had spent a year and a half investigating corruption in the city police department, Governor Nelson Rockefeller last week announced the creation of a superprosecutor to ferret out misdeeds in all areas of the criminal-



PROSECUTOR MAURICE NADJARI
Absolutely unique.

justice system, including the police, judges, probation officers, bail bondsmen and prison authorities. Said Rocky: "It is absolutely unique."

It was uniquely painful for city officials. The proposal had been opposed by Mayor John Lindsay and bitterly denounced by the district attorneys of the five boroughs that make up the city. They saw the appointment of the new prosecutor as a personal rebuke that would result in a substantial loss of control over their own operations. But Rocky felt that control had been forfeited when corruption had been linked to some of the district attorneys' offices; an assistant D.A. and several investigators in Queens have been indicted. Inviting his opponents to try to make him change his mind, Rocky let them have their say. They tried but failed. Then the Governor issued an order setting up the new agency.

He appointed Maurice Nadjari, 48, superprosecutor. Tall, lean, tight-lipped, Nadjari has spent some 18 years as a prosecutor. He was instrumental in the conviction of Murph the Surf and his two pals in the Star of India thefts from

the American Museum of Natural History in 1964. As part of the search for the elusive gems, he even went scuba diving off Miami Beach. Later he successfully prosecuted Republican officials on Long Island for taking bribes in return for zoning changes. "If you went to central casting for a prosecutor," says a Rockefeller aide, "this is the man you would get."

Financed by \$4,000,000 in matching state and federal funds, the superprosecutor's office will assemble almost 200 lawyers and investigators during the next three months. As his first act in office, Nadjari invited the public to start giving him tips on possible corruption; already hundreds of phone calls have come in. "I find myself quite excited over the possibility of investigating my own arena," says Nadjari. "There are countless New Yorkers who have frankly had it."

DEMOCRATS

Shriver's Assets

George McGovern, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew have all revealed their financial worth. Last week it was Sargent Shriver's turn, and it proved to be the most surprising disclosure to date. Shriver, married to a Kennedy millionaire, turned out to be the poorest of the quartet of main political contenders. He put his net worth at the round figure of \$100,000.

Shriver has no stocks or bonds in trust, owns no real estate. He listed \$42,000 in checking accounts, \$43,000 in life insurance and \$15,000 in personal property. Last year his income from his law practice was \$105,800. What he left out of the statement was his wife Eunice's income from a trust fund that is estimated to amount to several million dollars. Their five children also have trust funds. Were these included, Shriver would emerge as the richest of the candidates. He was following the Kennedy practice of keeping mum about the size of the family fortune.

SHRIVER WITH WIFE EUNICE & SON ANTHONY AT AIRPORT IN HYANNIS, MASS.



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We're trying to make driving a good thing again, and better bumpers are a good start.

With us, a promise is a promise.

Allstate
You're in good hands.

Special rates and discounts available in most states.

TERRORISM

And Now, Mail-a-Death

THE Israeli embassy in London's fashionable Kensington district had been warned by intelligence agents to expect some sort of terrorist attack, and particularly to be on the lookout for parcel bombs sent through the mail. But in the rush to distribute incoming mail after the three-day Yom Kippur weekend, no one paid any particular attention to four slim letters that had been airmailed from Amsterdam and hand-addressed to individual embassy staffers. Three of the letters were never opened. But Agricultural Counselor Ami Shachori, 44, nonchalantly ripped open the fourth without even interrupting the conversation he was having with a colleague, Theodor Kaddar. "This is important to me. I've been expecting it," said Shachori, who was about to return to Israel, and explained that he had ordered Dutch flower seeds to take with him. The powerful explosion that followed temporarily deafened Kaddar, tore a hole in the desk, and fatally wounded Shachori in the stomach and chest.

Thus last week, the latest round of terror that began with the murder of eleven members of the Israeli Olympic team in Munich reached a new and deadly level. Before the week ended, 64 similar letter bombs flooded Israeli diplomatic offices in New York City, Ottawa, Montreal, Paris, Vienna, Geneva, Brussels, Buenos Aires and Kinshasa as well as Tel Aviv and Jerusalem; fortunately, all were discovered before they could do any damage. Security was strengthened around Israeli offices throughout the world: British police set up a special anti-kidnap patrol; in New York City, visitors to the Israeli U.N. mission communicated

through locked doors by intercom and closed-circuit TV.

The letters had been mailed from Amsterdam on the weekend. Each of them had been specifically and neatly addressed and bore the exact postage for its slender weight. Unlike the old-fashioned parcel bombs, the new devices came in ordinary manila or air-mail envelopes.

It was the subtlest form of murder that either side in the Middle Eastern conflict had undertaken in the generation-old war that was now being inflicted on the rest of the world. Police feared immediately that the bombers could inspire a legion of amateur imitators, as the original wave of skyjacking had done back in 1968—though one deterrent was the fact that preparing the letter bombs is a dangerous game, requiring a thorough knowledge of explosives. The bombs sent last week to Israelis were presumably mailed by Arab terrorists. The Israeli embassy in London said that one of the envelopes contained a leaflet from the Black September organization, which was responsible for the Munich murders. Black September itself remained silent.

The problem of terrorism, as one result of the letters, dominated the opening session of the 27th United Nations General Assembly last week. Security was so tight at the U.N.'s Manhattan headquarters that delegates from the 132 member nations had to flash passes with photographs to enter the assembly hall. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim introduced a resolution calling for a halt in "terrorism and other forms of violence which endanger or take innocent human lives." Considerably qualified and softened to placate Arab na-

tions, the resolution was shunted to the General Assembly's legal committee for further study.

This week Secretary of State William Rogers, at President Richard Nixon's request, will launch a diplomatic drive at the U.N. for some kind of international agreement providing that:

- ▶ Terrorists of any kind will be prosecuted or promptly extradited after capture.
- ▶ No government will harbor them or offer financial assistance.
- ▶ Any nation doing so will be subject to international boycott.

Washington has no illusion that such an agreement can be easily reached, and it is pressuring individual nations bilaterally. Many European countries, however, are hesitant about offending oil-producing Arab states, and African diplomats point out that one side's "terrorist" might be another's "freedom fighter."

The Arabs argued that there are varieties of terror—and as one example

LETTER-BOMB VICTIM AMI SHACHORI



ISRAELI SOLDIER WITH BLINDFOLDED FIDAYEEN PRISONER



HOLE MADE IN SHACHORI'S DESK BY EXPLODING LETTER



Introducing the Hornet Hatchback. A sports car with room to travel in.

Isn't that a nice idea? A car that does everything a sports car should do.

It moves like one. It handles like one. But it doesn't cost like one.

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America's quality cigarette.
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Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's, 20 mg. "tar,"
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THE WORLD

they cited the 36-hour Israeli invasion of Lebanon that ended last week. It was the third massive thrust so far this year into Lebanon, and the heaviest by far: the raiders killed 60 fedayeen, took 17 prisoners and blew up or bulldozed 112 houses and damaged 200 others that fedayeen were suspected of using. According to the Beirut government, they also killed 15 Lebanese soldiers and 200 civilians.

Hero's Story. The raids were in line with Israel's policy of carrying the war to the fedayeen, and were intended to clear out the guerrillas from southern Lebanon. But the raids may merely have made more enemies. TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott drove in a taxi from Beirut to the scene. Lebanese army checkpoints had been abandoned and Scott was able to keep going until he made contact with the retreating Israelis. He found villages along the Israeli route empty and burning. At Jouaya, where fedayeen resistance prompted a pitched fight and nine-hour occupation, the hills were still aflame from napalm airstrikes. A tank column had literally run over at least half a dozen cars, Scott was told; one of them held a family of seven.

The Israelis lost three dead, six wounded and two tanks disabled. Back home, they made a hero of one commander, identified only as Lieutenant Shaul, 28. He and his eight men had become separated from the Israeli column and lost, without a working radio. Shaul bluffed his way through three armed roadblocks without firing a shot, "borrowed" a radio from a Lebanese officer, captured six Lebanese soldiers, whom he released at the border, and made it home with five fedayeen and one jeep. "Have you ever heard a war story like that?" marveled Defense Minister Moshe Dayan when informed of Shaul's exploits.

Lebanon declared an open-ended state of emergency in the wake of the raid. "Since 1948 we have been in a state of truce with Israel," declared



LEBANESE CARRYING BODY OF CIVILIAN KILLED DURING ISRAELI RAID
Carrying the war to the fedayeen made more enemies.

former President Camille Chamoun. "Today we are in a state of war." Premier Saeb Salam, who had long avoided a showdown with the guerrillas, laid down a set of 14 demands to Fedayeen Leader Yasser Arafat. Their purpose was to hamper any guerrilla movements and prevent further Israeli revenge.

In the past the guerrillas agreed to such demands, then broke their promises and operated as they chose. If this happened again, the Israelis made plain last week, they were ready to return. But military retaliation seemed now to belong to an earlier stage of the conflict, and offered no solution to the new round of terror against Israelis abroad. In another step, a high Israeli official in Washington last week ruled out the prospect of any peace negotiations in the Middle East until Arab

terrorism ends—which may be never.

Some Israelis were arguing last week for countering terrorism with terror of their own. Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon, stating the government position, promised: "We are not planning illegal operations on foreign soil." But two men, one a former leader of the pre-independence Jewish extremist group Irgun Zevai Leumi, were arrested for attempting to smuggle abroad guns, grenades and ammunition intended for the militant Jewish Defense League. Irgun Zevai Leumi in the old days broke away from the fledgling Jewish army because the latter was too cautious, and proceeded to ambush and kill British soldiers and murder Arabs on its own. Should any Israelis revert to terrorism now, then as a first step, Arab diplomats abroad might well begin scrutinizing their mail.

Anatomy of a Letter Bomb

AN Israeli defense expert, whose specialty happens to be explosives, recently received a small package in Tel Aviv bearing the return address of a relative in Beersheba. His training saved his life. Ripping the package open, he suddenly realized that he had exposed and activated a minuscule plunger that even then was moving toward an equally minute detonator. In a split second the man slammed his hand down and stopped the plunger. Then he carefully carried the package to an automobile he summoned and had his driver take him to a nearby military base. The remaining contents of the package included four ounces of *plastique* filled with tiny metallic slivers.

The letter bombs mailed to Israeli officials on four continents last week were far more sophisticated, difficult to detect and dangerous for even an expert to make. In some of those intercepted and analyzed, the explosive was a powder, probably TNT; in others the charges were two thin strips of *plastique* explosive scarcely five inches long. Developed in

World War II, *plastique* is a mixture of Hexogen, TNT and rubber compound that can be molded into any shape and is safe and stable until detonated. It can even be rolled sheet-thin to look like typewriter paper, written on, rolled or folded.

If one of the letters is torn open, a tiny spring hits a detonator little larger than an aspirin, which explodes the *plastique*. The whole thing can weigh less than an ounce and be scarcely one-eighth of an inch thick. But its lethal range can be three feet.

In other forms of letter bombs, the act of opening the envelope or removing the "letter" ignites a fuse or scratches a percussion cap that ignites the explosive. Still others explode as soon as the contents are exposed to air. The most deadly thing about any of them, however, is their innocence. All of those spotted last week were individually and specifically addressed. Handwriting is customarily used in such cases instead of printing or typing, in order to allay any suspicions the victim might have. Often the letter bears the home address and forged handwriting of someone the recipient knows. To make sure the bombs get the right man, the labels are sometimes marked "personal and confidential."



TROOPS OF UGANDA ARMY'S SIMBA BATTALION WITH DEAD GUERRILLAS FROM TANZANIA-BASED INVASION FORCE

UGANDA

The Black Hole of Kampala

DAWN had not yet crept over the papyrus swamps along the Tanzanian shores of Lake Victoria when a force of 800 men calling themselves the Uganda People's Militia assembled in the darkness. As invasion forces go, it was small, but it was well-armed and the men were in high spirits. Most of them were former Ugandan soldiers and paramilitary police who had fled the country after the ouster of President Milton Obote, himself in exile in Tanzania. They had spent several months in secret training in Tanzania guerrilla camps, preparing to overthrow the military regime of Uganda's increasingly erratic dictator, General Idi Amin Dada.

Promptly at 5 a.m. the soldiers moved off. The first column, on foot, made its way up a little-used Land Rover track through the swamps, waded across the Kagera River, and overwhelmed a company-sized Ugandan garrison near the village of Kyebe. Then, climbing aboard the garrison's trucks and Jeeps, it cut northwest to the town of Sanje. The second column, with a few vehicles of its own, easily swept through the small frontier post of Mutukula, and joined forces with the first at Sanje. Together, they raced northward to Masaka, 80 miles from the capital of Kampala.

Fifty miles to the west, a third column, its men dressed in civilian clothes, crossed the border in chartered buses. After a stiff fight at the border town of Kikagati, they headed on to Mbarara, where they stormed the garrison of Uganda's 1,000-man Simba Battalion

and, aided by some dissidents who switched allegiances, succeeded in driving the loyalist troops out—but only for the moment.

The Ugandans, who had taken their weapons with them, quickly regrouped. Outnumbering the rebels by 5 to 1, they blasted them out of the garrison in less than an hour, reportedly killing most of the insurgents. The invaders in Masaka did not fare much better. By late afternoon, Amin's armor and air force (which also bombed the Tanzanian city of Bukoba on Lake Victoria, killing ten persons) had forced the militia to retreat to a position a few miles from the border. Thus, within less than 24 hours

last week, the exiles' best hopes of ousting Amin had been effectively dashed.

The invasion in retrospect was both futile and foolhardy—in effect, an African Bay of Pigs. The pilot of an East African Airways DC-9, for example, was to have dropped a company of paracommandos into the northern Ugandan town of Gulu. Apparently he got lost during the night and was forced to land at the Kilimanjaro Airport. The plane was found the next morning, tires flat, fuel tank empty; the pilot and his troops had disappeared into the bush, unharmed but also unsuccessful. The rebels had also counted on large numbers of soldiers from Uganda's well-armed 12,000-man army joining in the rebellion. They were wrong.

The invasion threatened to touch off a bloodbath in Uganda. It could not only engulf the Asians, who have lived

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"Recently, we received a fantastic order for buttons from a new customer. I realized that to meet their delivery date we'd have to start production almost four months before we'd receive the first payment.

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"Sometimes I think I depend on the bank too much. But then if I didn't, I would have missed a number of opportunities and we would never have gotten to be the largest button and badge manufacturer in the country." Speaking: Frank Sitzberger, President, Adcraft Manufacturing Company.

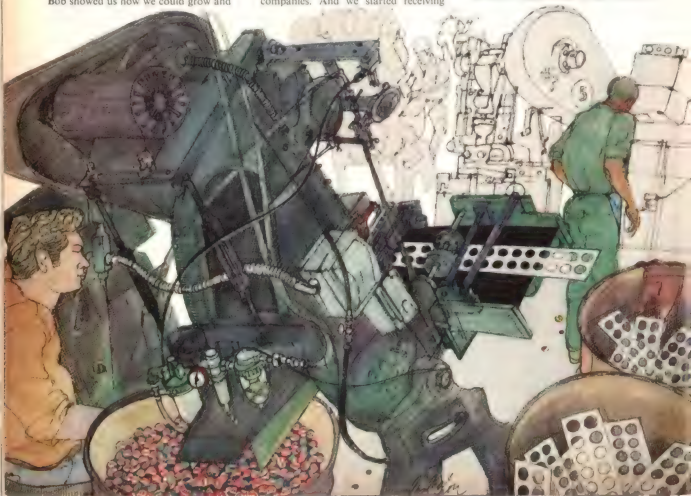
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THE WORLD

in fear since Amin ordered 50,000 of their number holding British citizenship to leave, but could also revive tribal warfare and turn into a protracted border war with Tanzania as well.

Even before the rebel attack, Amin had charged that "imperialist and Zionist" powers were trying to assassinate him; now his suspicion focused on foreigners within the country. Shortly after the invasion, 22 reporters (16 British, two French, two Swedish, a West German and an American, A.P. Correspondent Andrew Torchia) were arrested by police and military security forces, some of them not to be heard from again for several days. At the same time, the army set up roadblocks at major intersections and began arresting all Asians and foreigners caught without proper identification papers. The lucky ones were prisoners of the police. Uganda's police force, still professional despite the dismissal of most of its top officers, herded all its European prisoners (61 at one point) into a cell block in the Kampala central police station. There were no beds, only one chair and four toilets. The prisoners, including a retired British diplomat, his crippled wife, and a family with two small children, had to sleep on the concrete floor, which was sticky with stale urine.

Yet the police treated them correctly and even politely. Food was served on silver trays from a nearby hotel. Smokers were supplied with cigarettes. According to French Television Correspondent Jean-Loup Demigneux, who spent 24 hours in the "black hole of Kampala," as reporters came to call it, the most terrifying moment was at 3 a.m., when four of Amin's soldiers marched in. Slightly drunk and obviously hostile, each of the four carried a pistol in one hand and a submachine gun in the other. They beat up a police guard who tried to stop them, but their only apparent mission was to wake up the prisoners and harass them. They stayed only a few minutes, but when they left, one shouted back, "You're

lucky to be here and not with us."

Because the police had formally registered the prisoners, foreign embassies were able to locate their citizens (at week's end, all Americans and Britons had been released). Less fortunate were those who were taken to the Makindye military prison, a collection of one-story buildings behind a double fence of barbed wire four miles outside Kampala, where they were held incommunicado and witnessed scenes of almost casual brutality. A.P. Correspondent Torchia was missing for three days before the American embassy was able to locate him. After his release, he described how Ugandan soldiers pinned a man on the ground while a woman beat him with a rawhide whip until the blood ran. "The beating went on for minutes—forever, it seemed—before the crowd dispersed and the screaming stopped," he wrote. "None of us knew who the woman was or what the whipping was about."

The hostilities claimed the life of

JOHN DOWNING—LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



FOREIGN DETAINEES IN FILTHY CONCRETE CELL BLOCK WITH OPEN SEWER IN KAMPALA POLICE STATION



UGANDAN ASIANS ARRIVING IN BRITAIN

PRISONER & CHILD IN KAMPALA CELL

JOHN DOWNING—LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



THE WORLD

one American: Peace Corps Volunteer Louis Morton, 23, a schoolteacher from Houston, who had been driving with another Peace Corpsman, Robert Freed, along the road between Mbarara and Masaka on a game-spotting tour of nearby Queen Elizabeth National Park. They were unaware of the fighting until they ran into an army roadblock. According to Freed, the troops waved them through and then fired at them. Morton was killed instantly. Freed was taken prisoner but eventually set free.

As a result of the incidents, the U.S. embassy in Kampala last week urged the 1,000 American citizens resident in the country to leave. The Peace Corps, which has 70 volunteers and 48 of their dependents in Uganda, ordered the dependents out and started bringing corpsmen working in the countryside into Kampala for safety. The British had even more reason to be concerned about their nationals. Amin has told his forces to "mark and watch" all Britons, and repeated his charges that a British invasion is imminent. Yet Whitehall fears that a mass evacuation of the 7,000 white Britons in Uganda might be interpreted as a prelude to just that.

Stripped. Almost forgotten in the wild train of events were Uganda's Asians, whose lives at this point are perhaps most vulnerable of all. Amin has said that the 50,000 expelled must be out by Nov. 7—an impossible deadline—or they will be rounded up and put in detention camps. Even if the original schedule of 16 charter flights a week could be maintained, it would take four months to complete the airlift. As it is, Uganda still has not given landing clearance to the consortium of British airlines that by earlier agreement was to share half of the charters with East African Airways.

Even as the invasion was being mounted last week, the first airlift, carrying 193 passengers, flew into London. Its passengers told of being stripped of their jewelry and searched at gunpoint by Ugandan soldiers on the way to the airport. Another group, which embarked by train for India via Kenya, was also mistreated. The incidents apparently have made others too frightened to leave. Two other flights had to be canceled because only a few people showed up to take them.

For many of the Asians, it is likely to be only the beginning of a bleak future—wherever they go. In London, the Monday Club, a right-wing Tory group, declared in a statement that "the immigrants of incompatible races and cultures should never have come here in the first place." In response, Prime Minister Edward Heath told Britons last week that they could not run away from the nation's obligations. "The reputation of Britain for good faith and humanity should be observed," he said, adding that Britain's obligation to the East African Asians has its roots in "imperial history." It was a welcome note of sanity—and honesty.

THE PHILIPPINES

Marcos' Martial Law

Without warning, police squads late last week walked into Manila's newspaper offices and broadcast stations, ordered staffers to leave and posted announcements stating THIS BUILDING IS CLOSED AND SEALED AND PLACED UNDER MILITARY CONTROL. Domestic air flights were grounded and overseas telephone operators refused to accept incoming calls. Finally, after several hours of mystifying silence, Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos went on nationwide radio and TV to proclaim a state of martial law. Civil government would be continued, he said, but campuses would be closed. Restrictions on

so six hours after an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate one of Marcos' chief aides, Defense Secretary Juan Ponce Enrile. As the Secretary was heading home from his office in Manila, a carload of gunmen intercepted his car and riddled it with 30 shots; Enrile, who was riding with security men in a second car, was unhurt. The gunmen escaped unidentified.

As Brigadier General Alfredo Montoya, boss of Manila's tough metropolitan police, put the regime's case last week, Marcos' measures only reflected "a need to discipline our people." Ostensibly, the crackdown is aimed at a Maoist-inspired (and Peking-supported) guerrilla movement known as the New People's Army, which the government blamed for the attempt on Enrile's life and for bombings

that have rocked the Manila area recently. With about 1,000 arms-carrying guerrillas, the N.P.A. is nowhere near as large as was the Communist Hukbalahap movement that terrorized Luzon in the 1940s and '50s; but it enjoys wide support, not only in the countryside but among disaffected urban workers and intellectuals.

Another target of the regime's "discipline," besides the N.P.A. guerrillas, was the President's vocal political opponents. The morning after martial law was declared, police arrested a number of Marcos' critics. Among them: the publisher of the Manila Times and Senator Benigno Aquino, a leader of the opposition Liberal Party. Aquino, whom Marcos has accused of collaborating with the N.P.A., had backed a Manila rally—held the day before the crackdown—at which 30,000 Filipinos protested that the Marcos regime

would use terrorist violence as an excuse to employ emergency powers to silence the opposition.

Seven years ago, Marcos came to power as an immensely popular reform President, but opposition to his regime has been growing rapidly in recent months. Large sectors of Philippine society are waiting for tangible relief from poverty, inflation and a political system that remains responsive mainly to a propertied oligarchy. Land-reform programs remain unfunded; more than 400,000 of the country's 1,000,000 university graduates are without meaningful jobs. The benefits of the country's gradual economic expansion have been slow to trickle down to most of its 38 million people. As a result of this summer's record floods, which devastated much of Luzon and set the economy back five years by some estimates, that trickle will be slowed even further—perhaps with explosive results.



MARCOS WITH GUERRILLA RIFLE
Discipline for the people.

travel, the press and communications would remain in force until the government dealt with "a conspiracy to overthrow the government."

It was a drastic step; martial law had never before been imposed in the Philippines, despite the country's long history of social and political violence. And yet, though troops took up positions all over Manila, there were few other visible signs of emergency. Nightclubs, casinos and movie theaters remained open; shoppers were out in their usual numbers the next day. Filipinos accepted the measures calmly, even cynically, for they had been widely anticipated.

Only two weeks ago, in an atmosphere of rapidly increasing belligerence between the Marcos regime, its political opposition and a burgeoning Philippine revolutionary movement, the President warned that he would not hesitate to assume emergency powers if he deemed them necessary. He finally did

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The big



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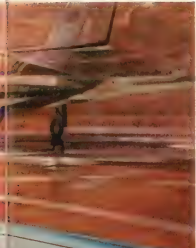


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JAPAN

Appointment in Peking

For the second time in eight months, China's aging leaders will gather this week at the now familiar willow-edged airport outside Peking to greet a traveler on a historic mission. Last February the U.S. President stepped out of Air Force One and totally changed the geopolitical shape of the world. This time the plane will be a Japan Air Lines jet carrying the leader of a country whose rivalry with China scarred Asia for the better part of the past century. The arrival of Japan's Premier Kakuei Tanaka in Peking, said China's Premier Chou En-lai last week, will mean "a new leaf in our history."

Though this week's meeting will necessarily stand in the long shadow of Richard Nixon's summit of last February, it will also surely rank as one of the great symbolic events of the post-war era—an Asian counterpart of Willy Brandt's travels to Warsaw and Mos-

cow in 1970. Tanaka's arrival in Peking comes almost 35 years to the day after full-fledged war broke out between Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists and Japan's invading Imperial Army in 1937. It is only one of the ironies of the summit that Tanaka's journey of atonement will be another blow to the Nationalists. The Japanese Premier's six-day visit will end on the eve of Oct. 1, making the summit a kind of obeisance to Mao Tse-tung's Communists, who use that date as the anniversary of the triumphant establishment of their regime in Peking in 1949. When a ranking Japanese emissary arrived in Taipei early last week to plead for "understanding" of the summit, Nationalist student demonstrators greeted him with angry placards crying TANAKA GO TO HELL!

Tanaka, a bluff-spoken millionaire real estate man and lifelong politician, brings to his Peking venture only three months' tenure as Japan's Premier and little experience in diplomacy (see box). Though he is not strong on foreign affairs, he is an acknowledged authority



TANAKA PRACTICING GOLF SWING

The "Computerized Bulldozer"

THE man in charge of Japan's first major exercise in independent diplomacy since the war is a wheeling-dealing real estate speculator and career politician who has almost no experience in international diplomacy. In the 15 years since hard-driving Kakuei Tanaka first reached Cabinet-level posts in Tokyo, he has been abroad only eight times, and then only to Korea, the U.S. and Western Europe. His one previous trip to China came in 1938, when he was shipped off to Manchuria as a young Imperial Army draftee. Tanaka's military career ended several months later when he contracted pneumonia, was shipped home and discharged.

Lack of experience—or of anything else—has never slowed down Kakuei Tanaka. A fast-talking, 160-lb. dynamo popularly known as "the Computerized Bulldozer," he is Japan's youngest (54) postwar Premier and the first to come from outside the narrow university-bred elite that has produced almost all Japanese leaders since World War II. The son of a poor cattle dealer, Tanaka vaulted into the upper reaches of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party after he had made millions in construction and land development. Traditional Japanese diplomats have been heard to grumble that their blunt-spoken new boss is "very un-Japanese." But popular magazines revere him as a reincarnation of Taiko, a peasant-bred warrior who rose to the top samurai rank in the 16th century. To Western journalists in Tokyo, who are used to dealing with faceless and unfathomable bureaucrats, Tanaka is a godsend, the earthy Khrushchev of Japanese politics.

Richard Nixon, who found Eisaku Sato maddeningly vague, emerged smiling from his meetings with Sato's successor at Honolulu, and said that Tanaka "was like a touch of fresh breeze." Observes one of the few Washington officials who know Tanaka well: "He is the kind of guy Nixon likes. He is polite but does not mince words. There is no time wasted on elaborate equivocation."

Tanaka was chosen to replace the retiring Sato last July largely because the Liberal Democratic establishment was willing to gamble that he could turn the party's slowly eroding electoral fortunes around. So far, it has been a good gamble. Tanaka won an astonishing 62% approval rating in a nationwide opinion poll; Sato's last rating was a dismal 19%.

Though even Tanaka's daughter Makiko says, "Father is perfectly empty when it comes to almost anything cul-

tural," voters are enamored of his breezy, folksy style. The Premier holds one or two press conferences a week and sees scores of visitors every day, groaning all the while that the Japanese "must learn the art of coming to the point as fast as possible." Other Premiers have been stiff and unapproachable. Tanaka rattles on to all comers about his favorite movie stars (Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr), his golf game (he has an 18 handicap), or his impatient manner ("I think like an American"). When a newsman asked the Premier what he had prayed for at a shrine near Nagoya that he and several of his Cabinet Ministers had visited one stifling day after his election, Tanaka said something about "preparing myself spiritually for my new job," then blurted out that "it's always refreshing when one sweats a great deal."

On occasion, Tanaka's frankness verges on the coarse. In his 1966 autobiography, which he hands out to visitors to the sprawling Tokyo mansion where he lives with his wife Hanako, he tells of being offered a geisha to sleep with one night toward the end of the war, during his contractor days. Tanaka chivalrously sent her home because she looked "too fragile," but the memory of the encounter, he writes, grows "increasingly more vivid" with time. At times, Tanaka indulges in sentimentality. On the long flight to Honolulu last month, he dashed off several sayings in Chinese calligraphy, which he has been trying to master. A sample:

*Even a hero in his one-thousandth autumn
Occasionally must still muster his courage.*

Though he is a quick study, Tanaka is not an intellectual. He is known in some quarters as a "wakatta man," for his habit of interrupting anyone speaking to him in mid-sentence by snapping "Wakatta, wakatta"—the Japanese equivalent of the Italian *capito, capito* (I understand). "He talks too fast and too much," says one sympathetic critic, Chiba University Professor Keiichi Shimizu. "Perhaps that is his way of attempting to hide his lack of learning and deep ideas. By talking fast he often seems to try to awe his interlocutors. That won't work."

Tanaka has certainly awed Japanese voters. But once the euphoria over the Chinese rapprochement fades, his government will be under pressure to act as well as talk on pressing problems; among them are pollution and a generally drab style of life. For the moment, however, most Japanese are betting that, as Novelist Masaharu Fuji says, perhaps wishfully, Tanaka "might really do something out of the ordinary."

THE WORLD

on what figures to be a principal target of the summit negotiation: Japanese domestic politics.

As Tanaka well knows, Sino-Japanese relations are the single most powerful issue in Japanese politics. Only last week, the Tokyo daily *Asahi Shimbun* published a poll showing that 39% of the Japanese population now rate China as Japan's top foreign policy priority, while the U.S., which had always led such polls before, dropped to second place with a 28% rating. If the Peking summit is successful, Tanaka may call a quick election, perhaps as early as next month, to add a public mandate to the Liberal Democratic Party vote that brought him the premiership last July, when longtime Premier and Party Chief Eisaku Sato retired at 71 (TIME, July 17).

The Peking summit comes at a time when Tanaka's Japan is already riding a kind of diplomatic crest. Though the Nixon economic and diplomatic *shokkus* of last summer are still fresh in Japanese memories, Tanaka managed to come away from his summit with the President in Honolulu last month with what looked like U.S. approval and support. Moscow has been actively courting Tokyo, and is pressing to begin work on a long-delayed peace treaty. Then there was China's decision to deal with Japan, after so many years of anti-Japanese vituperation. As one American diplomat in Tokyo puts it: "The multipolar game, that's not a bad score."

Why have the Chinese decided to deal with Tokyo now, having scornfully rebuffed Japanese advances for years? The chief consideration may well be fear of Russia. Peking may have begun to fret that the gradual U.S. withdrawal from Asia, and China's longstanding anti-Japanese policy, might simply push Tokyo closer to Moscow, which recently increased Russian military strength along China's border from 47 to 50 divisions. The Chinese also need Japanese technology to help modernize their economy. Then there is the age factor: now that Mao is pushing 79, Chou, who is 74, could be hurrying to complete Peking's return to outward-looking diplomacy while the Chairman is still around to give it his imprimatur.

Locked in War. One question that only the summit can answer is how anxious the Chinese are to force Japan to sever formally its ties with Taiwan. Chou himself has hinted that he would be willing to see Japanese business continue to operate on Taiwan, which imports more than \$760 million in Japanese goods annually (China's imports from Japan totaled \$578 million last year, and they are not expected to rise dramatically even if diplomatic relations are established). But it remains to be seen how tough Peking intends to be about its longtime insistence that Tokyo must flatly renounce its peace treaty with Taiwan. Though the Japanese seem to be in a strong bargaining position—Peking needs a rapprochement

more than Tokyo does—they may well have to yield a great deal if they are to achieve their objective: immediate diplomatic recognition and an embassy in Peking before next spring. With that possibility in mind, the Nationalist embassy in Tokyo last week laid in a supply of large packing crates, just in case a quick exit might be necessary.

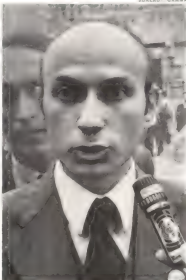
Certainly, the summit will not bring instant warmth to relations between China and Japan. They have been rivals for centuries and locked in war—military or verbal—almost continuously since the annexation of Formosa (Taiwan) by Japanese troops in 1895. So far, Chou has not publicly softened his oft-expressed view that Japan's economic growth "is bound to bring about military expansion." Given the history of hostility on both sides, the prospect is thus for a summit of convenience, not for a summit of real reconciliation.

FRANCE

"The Archangel"

To his friends, Gabriel Aranda, 33, a slight, bald onetime journalist and former government civil servant, is known as "the Archangel." But to France's ruling Gaullists, he is something else again. For a week Aranda flooded the press with photocopied letters and documents that made high-ranking Gaullist ministers, Deputies and party leaders look like influence peddlers for private interests. In the process, he became something of a public hero, and left the government of President Georges Pompidou in embarrassed disarray.

Aranda claims to have obtained 136 documents implicating 48 public officials. He leaked 15 of the papers which involved ten well-known Gaullist politicians, including Minister of Agriculture



ARANDA AT PALAIS DE JUSTICE
A chocolate medal.

ture Jacques Chirac and the editor of the Gaullist party daily *La Nation*. One letter from former Gaullist Party Secretary-General René Tomasini asked "mon cher Albin" Chalandon, then Minister of Development and Housing, to give a private firm a fat contract for highway construction. Another disclosed that a Gaullist Deputy had forged a building permit for a supermarket by inserting it between the clipped-off letterhead and signature of Chalandon. Yet another letter, on party stationery from a former Gaullist Deputy, Dr. Guy Fric, urged that a contract be given to a private company.

Disease. Gaullist reaction to the disclosures verged on hysteria. Prime Minister Pierre Messmer denounced Aranda for "acting against morality and against the law." Pompidou, in one of his semiannual press conferences last week, lamented that photocopying had become "a disease of our times"—though he promised to check carefully on the integrity of Gaullist candidates in next March's parliamentary elections.

Aranda, Chalandon's former press attaché, began preparing the latest revelation after Chalandon lost his job last July when Pompidou forced Chaban-Delmas to tender his resignation. Chalandon asked Aranda to go through his correspondence and sort it out. Aranda did, and made photocopies of documents he considered compromising to Gaullist bigwigs.

Curiously, Aranda linked his revelations to the recent sale of French Mirage fighters to Libya. If the Pompidou government did not stop "the delivery of these offensive weapons at once," Aranda threatened to publish many more documents. "No one has the right to sell out the people of Israel," he added. "Shalom!" The speech led many Frenchmen to believe that he was Jewish. As it turned out, Aranda is Catholic, conservative and, to the consternation of the government, a staunch Gaullist. The Mirage statement, he explained grandly, was just "a poetic touch, a flower on the dung heap."

Police were not amused. Justice Minister René Pléven instructed the Paris district attorney to arrest Aranda and charge him with "stealing, concealing and revealing." Frontier police and Orly airport officials were also ordered to catch Aranda—though, as the Paris daily *Le Monde* wryly pointed out, not to question him.

While the police searched vainly, Aranda held up in a Paris hotel, giving interviews to any journalists who dropped by. Finally, last week Aranda gave himself up, though not before he held yet another press conference on the steps of Paris' Palais de Justice under the watchful eyes of hundreds of police. "Why did you release these documents on the eve of the election?" someone asked. "There is no season for honesty," Aranda replied, adding whimsically: "I deserve a chocolate medal."

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PEOPLE

HOFFMAN—THE NEW YORK TIMES



AUTOBIOGRAPHER MARGARET MEAD

DEBRET—GRAPHIC HOUSE



DIRECTOR MARGARET WEBSTER (1950)



SINATRA & ROCKWELL

The woman who became famous by studying the life of adolescents in Samoa is now examining her own youth. At 70, Anthropologist **Margaret Mead** is publishing her memoirs. The greatest influence on her life, she recalls, was her relationship with her paternal grandmother, who moved in with Margaret's father and his bride after their marriage and was given the best room in whatever house they lived in till her death some 30 years later. A former teacher, she "taught me observation—she started me observing my young sisters." Now a grandmother herself, Mead insists that "children need three generations to grow up with. Grandparents give you a sense of how things were, how things are. They know the world isn't going to end because you don't use two washcloths or something. They know change better than anyone else."

It was always a disappointment to the late **Duke of Windsor** that his wife was not entitled to be addressed as Her Royal Highness. In accordance with King George VI's decision, the former

Mrs. **Wallis Warfield Simpson**, after her marriage to the man who had been **King Edward VIII**, had to be content with being a mere duchess. Now Patrick Montague-Smith, editor of *Debrett's*, the authoritative guide to the British aristocracy, says it was all a mistake. The rules of British heraldry permit a wife to take her title from her husband, and since Edward remained a Royal Highness after his abdication, the duchess should have been called Her Royal Highness. "It is doubtful how knowledgeable the British and Commonwealth ministers of the crown were on [this] constitutional and legal issue," commented Montague-Smith.

"I learned the biggest lesson of my life in Munich," declared Australian Swimmer **Shane Gould** earnestly. "I learned how to lose." Could this be the same 15-year-old girl who won three gold medals, one silver and one bronze at the XX Olympiad—more than anyone else except U.S. Swimmer **Mark Spitz**? The very same, but last July Shane had carefully predicted her times for all five events, written "Here's hoping" underneath and sealed the estimates in an envelope. Back home in Sydney she opened it, found that she had bettered only one of her predictions, failed to equal the other four.

After nearly half a century in the theater, Director-Actress **Margaret Webster**, 67, had more than enough tales to fill a book. So she wrote one (*Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage*, Alfred A. Knopf, \$10) and celebrated its publication with a party for old friends and wide-eyed admirers on the stage of Manhattan's Imperial Theater.

Among Webster's more acidic recollections: when she was hired to direct an opera at the Met, Conductor Fritz Stiedry warned her, "You must not think of singers as musicians. God gives larynxes to stableboys." After directing Paul Robeson, Webster wondered, "Is it possible to be a great Othello without being a good Othello?" She also concluded, after a few bouts with the actor's temperament, that "I have not been playing Svengali to his Trilby, but Frankenstein to his monster." According to Webster, Marlon Brando "gave himself time to show, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, that he could be a great actor and then went to Hollywood and wasn't." As for Hollywood sex goddesses, Webster recalls Dame May Whitty, her mother, remarking of Lana Turner, "I don't know what Miss Turner has got that I haven't. Only I've had it longer."

Sir **Noel Coward** arrived in London for the trillionth revival of his 1930 play *Private Lives*—this one starring **Maggie Smith** as Amanda and her real-life husband **Robert Stephens** as Amanda's ex-mate. Noting that there probably are at least a dozen *Private Lives* even now on the boards, a reporter asked Sir Noel what directions he had to offer young actors playing in the durable comedy. The 72-year-old playwright obliged with some durable advice: "Speak clearly and don't bump into anyone." He is very happy living in the Swiss Alps, added Sir Noel. "I get along without all these taxes, you know. I can't afford a roll and butter in London."

Humorist **S. J. Perelman** has also given up on London. Two years ago he pronounced life in Manhattan "nasty and brutish," denounced the city as "a termitary" and fled to England. Familiarity with London seems to breed homesickness. "There is such a thing as too much couth," said the author, returning to the termitary. "English life is rather bland. Their rye bread has no caraway seeds, and their name for corned beef is salt beef—and it doesn't compare with what you can get on the Upper West Side or the Lower East Side." In his waking hours in London I saw myself as Joel McCrea in *Foreign Correspondent*, wearing a double-breasted trench coat and hiding in windmills. I finally realized I was Perelman from Providence, Rhode Island.

Although best known for his paintings of freckled Boy Scouts, benign grandmas and corn-fed coeds, which ran for decades as covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*, **Norman Rockwell**, 78, also paints individual portraits from time to time. His latest subject, who journeyed to Stockbridge, Mass., for his two-hour sitting clothed in a sweater and open-necked shirt: **Frank Sinatra**. "He is a fine person and a fine American," declared Rockwell, adding, "I never discuss my fees."

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ENVIRONMENT

The Parks for People

It was a mammoth centennial celebration and the party was appropriately planned. There was a huge barbecue, with burgers, beer and cooks in ten-gallon hats. The backdrop could not have been grander—Yellowstone National Park's majestic peaks and verdant valleys. Yet as night fell and the ceremony continued, sleet swept over the assembled dignitaries. Interior Secretary Rogers Morton talked on (and on). Numb with cold, Montana's Bozeman High School band packed up their instruments. Finally, wearing a brave, frozen smile, Mrs. Richard Nixon

on held aloft a symbolic torch, and the U.S.'s national park system officially entered its second century.

Starting with the creation of Yellowstone in 1872, Congress has step by step pioneered in establishing what is surely the world's greatest system of national parks—with tremendous new parks yet to be selected in Alaska. The system embraces the incense cedars and sapphire waters of Crater Lake in Oregon, the Great Smoky Mountains' misty rills in Appalachia, the giant cathedrals of California's redwoods, Arizona's mighty Grand Canyon, Maine's sparkling Acadia. Each park was chosen for its beauty and grandeur and preserved intact forever for public "enjoyment."

Social ills. Despite the built-in contradiction—how can a place be inviolate and used at the same time?—the U.S. example has stirred other nations to emulation; by now, 102 countries from Australia to Zaire, from Japan to Argentina, have set up some 1,200 national parks of their own. Their parks specialists gathered in Yellowstone last week to discuss mutual problems at the Second World Conference on National Parks.

The fact is that most of the U.S.'s national parks are in trouble. Day after day, crowds of tourists—some 200 million of them this year—pour into the national parks, monuments, historic areas and recreation sites. Hoping to escape the social ills of suburbs and cities, the visitors instead bring those ills with them. Bumper-to-bumper traffic, pollution, overcrowding, crime, drugs—every urban problem is now an increasing problem in every major park. Worse, every solution erodes the ideal of preserving nature. To cope with the 2.5 million annual visitors to Yellowstone alone, the National Park Service has had to install 2,100 buildings, 30 sewer systems, ten electric systems, 750 miles of roads and 3,000 campsites.

Can the parks survive? One answer came last week in the form of a 254-

page report by conservation-minded citizens all over the U.S. Called *National Parks for the Future* and sponsored by Washington's respected Conservation Foundation, it bravely recommends a complete redefinition of the parks and their purpose. For one thing, the study says, parks proposed for locations near urban centers, like Gateway East on New York Harbor or Gateway West outside San Francisco, should not be part of the national system, but should be run by the states or cities that use them. Nor do the 172 historic areas, like Gettysburg, and the 37 National Recreation Areas, like man-made Lake Mead on the Arizona-Nevada border, really fit the definition of unspoiled natural beauty. They should be removed from the National Park Service and operated by a separate federal bureau.

The report's emphasis is on preservation above all. Thus its recommendations are bound to provoke heated controversy. Among them:

- Limit autos in parks, because they "can destroy our National Park heritage just as surely as they have desecrated much of our urban countryside."

- Declare a moratorium on road building in the parks.

- Ban wheeled campers. Those trailers and "motorhomes" are "contrary to the park ethic."

- Phase motel, food and recreation concessions out of parks and relocate them outside park boundaries.

In other words, the report agrees entirely with President Theodore Roosevelt's words when he first saw the Grand Canyon in 1903: "Leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it."

Park officials disagree on two counts. Their job includes more than preservation, and reform has already come to the park system. "That report might have had some credibility two years ago, but not today," says Yellowstone Superintendent Jack Anderson. Take Yosemite, once the most troubled park of all. In 1970 the lovely, steep-walled valley was choked with auto exhaust and campfire smoke, and so overcrowded, says Ranger Bill Whalen, that "camping was tent-peg to tent-peg." Long-haired kids noisily sought kicks from nature—with a little help from drugs. On July 4, 1970, pot-smoking youths clashed with armed police in the first riot ever in a national park. In Washington, the National Park Service reacted by dispatching a new breed of rangers, more Peace Corps volunteer than scoutleader or cop.

The result has been dramatic. Double-decked buses, powered by nonpolluting propane fuel, have taken the place of the plague of private cars. Caravans and most cars must be left in specified lots. Rangers teach new ecology courses, keep visiting kids interested and involved, even talk like sociologists. Yosemite is once again a quiet, orderly, pleasant park.

Ironically, the Conservation Foundation report was commissioned by the

ANDERSON, PAT NIXON & MORTON



SUMMER TRAFFIC ON YELLOWSTONE'S GRAND LOOP ROAD



ENVIRONMENT

man whom it implicitly excoriates. George B. Hartzog Jr., 52, director of the National Park Service, Hartzog is known as a consummate politician, the last high-ranking Democrat in the Nixon Administration. Since his appointment in 1964, he has persuaded Congress to add 2.5 million acres to the national park system.

In his eyes, the report focuses too narrowly on preservation. "Congress also mandated the Service to preserve lands for the enjoyment and benefit of the people," he told *TIME* Correspondent Bonnie Angelo last week. "Unless you are prepared to walk into parks with a pack on your back, Congress intended that there should be roads. The real crunch coming in this country is to articulate an environmental ethic to guide corporate and human conduct—and this speaks basically to the issue that man is part of his environment. The practical problem is that we know exactly how many elk a park can handle ecologically, but not how many people. I have said 'No more physical facilities' until I find out the answer."

At week's end, the 500 experts attending the conference settled into the Grand Fetons Lodge for a five-day debate on just that: how to bring urban man and unspoiled nature into some sort of balance.

Pullman's Lot

Donald E. Pullman, a home-improvement contractor, is facing a herculean labor. In the dead of several nights, someone dumped some 8,000 worn-out automobile tires on his one-acre building lot in Herndon, Va., near the Fairfax-Loudoun county line. The authorities threatened Pullman with a jail sentence or a \$300 fine for operating an illegal dump unless he quickly got rid of them.

Easy, thought Pullman at first. He would simply give them to Fairfax County for landfill. "We're all sympathetic," said the county engineer. "But tires don't make good material. Unless they're chopped up, they keep coming to the surface after being buried." It just so happens that the county does not have a tire-shredding machine, and would charge Pullman 50¢ per tire to remove them or \$4,000 for the lot.

Pullman soon grew desperate. He discovered that the county's air-quality laws forbid burning tires and that the "carcasses," as they are called, were much too old to give away to any tire-recapping firm. It occurred to him to pay the \$300 fine and turn the tires over to the county. But the local judge has suspended the fine because the county does not know what to do with the tires either. "Everything I've looked into is illegal or expensive," sums up Pullman.

His only consolation to date is that he is not alone. According to the Institute of Solid Waste, there are about 200 million old tires lying around the U.S. countryside.

BEHAVIOR

The Two Hitlers

First he poisoned his favorite dog Wolf. Then he took his new wife to his private quarters and sat down on a sofa beside her. Before them was a coffee table on which were a vase of roses, a vial of cyanide and his 7.65 Walther automatic pistol. He did not use the gun. Instead he swallowed the cyanide, and as he struggled for air, his wife shot him in the left temple with her own weapon, a 6.35 Walther. Then she poisoned herself.

According to Williams College Historian Robert G.L. Waite, that is how



UNITY MITFORD IN 1940
Germany was his bride.

Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun died in Berlin in 1945. Their bizarre deaths came as no surprise to Psychoanalyst Walter Langer. Two years earlier, he had predicted the German leader's suicide in a secret study prepared at the request of the Office of Strategic Services. Intended as an aid to Allied war planners, the study was classified "secret" and tucked away in the National Archives for years. Now it has been declassified and will be published this week as *The Mind of Adolf Hitler* (Basic Books; \$10). In a postscript to the book, Waite praises Langer's use of psychoanalytic principles to investigate Hitler's psyche. The technique, he says, led not only to predictions of uncanny accuracy but to insights never provided by historians relying on traditional research methods.

Langer, who is now retired and living in Florida, tapped three major sources: he conducted exhaustive interviews with people who had known Hit-

ler; he used "The Hitler sourcebook" (1,100 pages of biographical data compiled by three analytically trained assistants); and he carefully studied *Mein Kampf*. His conclusion: Hitler was "probably a neurotic psychopath bordering on schizophrenia," or, in simpler terms, the Führer was not insane but was emotionally sick and lacked normal inhibitions against antisocial behavior. A desperately unhappy man, he was beset by fears, doubts, loneliness and guilt, and spent his whole life in an unsuccessful attempt to compensate for feelings of helplessness and inferiority.

Although Hitler tried to portray his early years as serene, Langer postulated from Hitler's character and writings that his father must have been a drunken, menacing brute. (Interviews in the 1950s with neighbors of the Hitler family substantiated this professional hunch. Historian Waite reports.) Because children view the universe in the light of their home experience, Hitler probably saw the whole world as "extremely dangerous, uncertain and un-



ADOLF HITLER PLAYS WITH HIS DOG
He begged Rone to kick him.

just." This was the origin of his sense of powerlessness.

Even more devastating to Hitler was a feeling of inferiority that stemmed in part from sexual difficulties. Hitler was tormented by fear of genital injury. "He was uncomfortable with women and often said he would never marry because Germany was his only bride. Though Hitler was 'probably impotent,' Lang-

"What Langer could not know when he made his study was that Hitler's genitals were malformed. After an autopsy in 1945, Russian doctors reported that 'the left testicle could not be found, either in the scrotum or on the spermatic cord inside the inguinal canal, or in the small pelvis. Such a deformity is not uncommon and has no important physiological consequences, but it causes serious emotional disturbances in some men."



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BEHAVIOR

er found no reliable evidence of overt homosexuality. "His perversion," Langer wrote, "is an extreme form of masochism in which the individual derives sexual gratification from having women urinate or defecate on him."

One woman claimed to have shared a perverse relationship with Hitler: his niece, Geli Raubal. Their liaison caused much gossip and ended in Geli's mysterious death—perhaps by her own hand, perhaps by Hitler's. At least one other woman admitted to firsthand experience of Hitler's masochism, though in a less extreme form. The actress Rene Mueller told her director that on an evening when she had expected to have intercourse with Hitler, he instead threw himself on the floor, begged her to kick him and became excited when she finally complied. Rene later killed herself. According to Langer, Eva Braun tried twice to take her life before her final successful attempt, and another Hitler intimate, Unity Mitford, also tried suicide. "Rather an unusual record for a man who has had so few affairs with women," Langer wryly observed.

At first Hitler accepted his fate passively. In Vienna before World War I, he could have supported himself modestly by painting watercolors, but he chose to live in poverty, sleep in flophouses, and beg for money on the street. "He seemed to enjoy being dirty and even filthy," Langer said. After the defeat of Germany in World War I, Hitler began to feel it his mission to lead his country to greatness, and he invented a new personality for himself that was strong enough to do it. This "Führer personality," Langer noted, "is a grossly exaggerated and distorted conception of masculinity" and "shows all the earmarks of a reaction formation created unconsciously as a cover-up for deep-seated tendencies that he despises."

Hitler found a second way of freeing himself from these tendencies: he attributed them, along with everything else that he hated and feared, to the Jews. The Jew became a symbol of sex, disease, his perversion—and even the tormenting guilt that perversion caused him. Conscience, he ranted, was "dirty and degrading," "a Jewish invention," and "a blemish like circumcision." For Hitler, Langer wrote, getting rid of Jews means getting rid of his own unconscious inner difficulties.

To Langer, the difference between Hitler and other psychopaths was "his ability to convince others that he is what he is not." He could never quite convince himself, however, because the Führer personality never permanently supplanted his old self. Hitler, Langer said, "is not a single personality but two that inhabit the same body. The one is very soft and sentimental and indecisive. The other is hard, cruel and decisive. The first weeps at the death of a canary; the second cries that 'there will be no peace in the land until a body hangs from every lamppost!'"

That duality led to the horrible ex-

cesses that occurred in Nazi Germany's twilight. "As Germany suffers successive defeats, Hitler will become more and more neurotic," Psychoanalyst Langer warned the OSS. "Each defeat will shake his confidence and limit his opportunities for proving his own greatness to himself. He will probably try to compensate for his vulnerability by stressing his brutality and ruthlessness."

Langer's 1943 prediction is a description of what actually happened in 1945. Historian Waite writes. As it became increasingly evident that Hitler could not vanquish the Allies, "he manufactured ruthless 'victories' over the Jews in the gas ovens." At the same time, he vowed to destroy Germany itself. "Not a German stock of wheat is to feed the enemy," cried a Hitler-approved editorial, "not a German hand to offer him help. He is to find nothing but death, annihilation and hatred."

T. TANAKA



UNDERGOING MORITA THERAPY

Four-Walls Treatment

Just as a country's artistic and social institutions usually reflect its particular outlook on life, the kind of psychotherapy that is practiced in a nation often expresses its characteristic philosophy. Morita therapy,* for instance, is a uniquely Japanese creation. Last month many Westerners heard about it for the first time when Psychiatrist Nozaki Shinfuku described it at a psychological convention in Tokyo.

The treatment is most often used for a group called the *shinkeishitsu* (nervous ones), who suffer from anxieties, phobias, obsessional states and hypochondria. Hospitalized for a month or so, a patient spends the first week in an "isolation hell," lying in bed doing nothing except "facing his sufferings all day long." During the second week, he does

*Named for the late Shōma Morita, the Tokyo psychiatrist who developed it.

light work such as gardening or sweeping. In the third he undertakes harder physical tasks, and in the fourth he begins to go out into society, perhaps to shop or just walk around.

Even during the isolation stage, a doctor or aide is always at hand. He tries to avoid conversation, but maintains contact with the patient through "personal communication beyond words." Explains Psychiatrist Shinfuku: "Buddha was silent. Kashō [one of Buddha's disciples] heard nothing, and yet he apprehended all."

The doctor also makes written responses to a diary that the patient keeps. If a patient writes, "I worked well today," the doctor may respond, "I am not sure you worked well, yet work is important. Try to work only for the sake of working." Or if the *shinkeishitsu* writes, "I can't believe I am getting better," his psychiatrist may advise, "When you are not sure, please suffer—don't try to get rid of the suffering."

In fact, one of the main aims of the treatment is to persuade the patient not to try to eradicate his symptoms by force of will. Instead he is encouraged to establish "control without control." The idea is not to understand the symptoms and their origins in the Freudian sense, or even necessarily to get rid of them. As one Japanese explains: "Once you are friendly with your symptoms and accept them as a reality, you find yourself cured—able to function—whether or not you still have them."

According to Shinfuku, Morita therapy has brought about this kind of cure for thousands of Japanese neurotics. Typical of those who have been helped is a high

school girl unable to study because irrelevant ideas kept crowding into her mind. But after two months' treatment by Shinfuku, she was well: "There were still many ideas in her mind that were irrelevant to her studying, but nevertheless she was able to study."

In Shinfuku's view, "Morita therapy is superior to other treatments for this type of patient," and should be added to the long list of Japanese exports to the rest of the world. Some Westerners suggest that Morita might be appropriate for the increasing number of Americans who are attracted to contemplative philosophies like Zen Buddhism. Others believe that the method can work only with Oriental patients, whose culture fosters not active struggle against the world but passive acceptance of things as they are. In fact, say some psychiatrists, the increasing Westernization of Japan may make Morita decreasingly effective even there.



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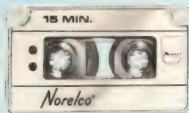
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GM

Questions on Vasectomy

After the birth of their third child, Richard Kaufman, 31, and his wife Libby agreed that they wanted no more children. They also decided that chemical and mechanical means of contraception were unsuitable for them. So two weeks ago, Kaufman reported to the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau in Manhattan for a vasectomy, the male sterilization procedure that is becoming one of the most popular forms of birth control in the U.S.

In 1960 an estimated 40,000 Americans underwent the operation; now the

cells. This could conceivably increase a man's susceptibility to disorders related to autoimmune reactions like rheumatoid arthritis. While there is no proof as yet of his theory, which is based on unsubstantiated reports of ten cases, researchers agree that further investigation is essential.

Severed Circle. As a technical procedure, however, vasectomy is simplicity itself. After administering a local anesthetic, the doctor locates the *vas deferens*, the thin (3-mm. diameter) tube that carries sperm from the testicle to the seminal vesicle, where it is mixed with other components of the semen (see diagram). Once he has found it, he makes a small incision, draws out the *vas* and severs it, often removing a small section and tying the ends back on each other so that they cannot rejoin. He then repeats the procedure on the other side. The operation, which costs up to \$150 and rarely takes more than half an hour, has no physical effect on a man's sex drive or capacity to achieve erection or ejaculation; it simply keeps the sperm out of the seminal fluid.

Though some men feel as if they had been kicked by a horse, most experience little more than a few days' discomfort after the operation. Richard Kaufman, one of the harder types, found the procedure "considerably less painful than having a tooth filled." He went right back to work afterward.

The vast majority of vasectomy patients elect the operation because it is simpler and cheaper than the traditional methods of female sterilization and because they agree with Jim Bouton, the ballplayer-turned-broadcaster, that "birth control is as much a man's responsibility as a woman's."

Like veterans of World War II, some enthusiasts advertise their discharge from the reproductive ranks by proudly wearing special vasectomy pins in their lapels. The pins consist of a circle with an arrow pointing up and away, the universal symbol for the male; the circle, like the *vas*, is severed.

This missionary approach has tended to obscure some of the disadvantages. Among them:

- ▶ Vasectomy is not instantly effective. Because sperm cells may remain in the seminal vesicles and other parts of the reproductive system, doctors advise their patients to continue using contraception until follow-up tests show a negative sperm count. Although most men become sterile within a few weeks, some have remained fertile for as long as six months.

- ▶ Vasectomy should be regarded, for all practical purposes, as permanent. The reproductive plumbing can often be reconnected, but restoration of fertility is rare.

- ▶ Vasectomy does not revolutionize

sex. Patients who understand that sterilization is not castration feel no sense of loss upon becoming sterile and generally find their sex lives unimpaired and occasionally improved by the procedure. But impotence has occurred in those who were, knowingly or not, uncertain of their masculinity before vasectomy, while patients who submit to the surgery believing that it will strengthen a shaky marriage are invariably disappointed. Helen Wolfers, a researcher at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, studied 95 men who had undergone vasectomies and found that ten had sexual problems following the operation. Interviews revealed that most had reluctantly agreed to vasectomy in an attempt to solve marital problems.

Most doctors agree with New York's Dr. Joseph Davis, president of the Association for Voluntary Sterilization Inc., that the best way to deal with post-vasectomy problems is through advance counseling. Davis and his colleagues carefully screen each candidate for the operation, explaining the procedure and its aftereffects. Interviews can identify those who are most likely to have belated second thoughts. In a dozen years, Davis has turned down 5% of those who came to him for vasectomies; the rest of his customers seem satisfied.

Shave Diagnosis?

From the Middle Ages well into the 18th century, barbers performed surgery and dentistry, bloodletting, leeching and cauterization, as well as the tonsorial arts. In Lynchburg, Va., this ancient tradition is being partially revived this week. Dr. Charles Whitmore, 48, a dermatologist and author who also



number is approaching 1,000,000 a year. Vasectomy is being performed at 129 clinics, 153 hospitals and countless doctors' offices. It is rapidly becoming the most sought-after type of elective surgery.

Now that the rush to vasectomy has attracted close to 3,000,000 recruits, a few reservations are developing. Follow-up studies indicate that some patients suffer psychological problems after the operation. There is also suspicion—still very tentative—that physical problems can follow for a small number of men. Dr. John Bernard Henry, director of clinical pathology at the State University of New York's Upstate Medical Center, has suggested that vasectomy occasionally causes upsets in the immunological system as the body reacts to the retention of sperm. Though sperm cells cannot be released after the operation, the testicles continue to produce them. Reabsorbed by the body, the sperm products sometimes cause an immune response that in turn may destroy or immobilize newly produced sperm



17TH CENTURY BARBER-SURGEON



MEDICINE

practices law and dabbles in real estate, has hired five barbers and installed them in a new shop adjacent to his professional offices. He and his physician wife Claire have started training them as specialists in skin and hair problems. The paramedical barbers, who will consult privately with each customer, are to be able to use microscopes and take medical histories. They are also supposed to spot and treat such conditions as acne, vitiligo (patchy depigmentation of the skin), psoriasis, and conditions that may contribute to hair loss.

Whitmore sees nothing illegal or unethical about his new business. He believes that the unique operation will attract a great many who would not normally see a doctor about hair or skin problems. It may also attract some handsome profits. Though haircuts at Dr. Whitmore's establishment will cost no more than at any other Lynchburg barber, skin and hair treatments will of course be extra. Any cosmetics or preparations that the paramedics recommend will be conveniently available in another Whitmore shop right on the premises.

Caffeine and Fever

Patients battling the fever of a cold or flu are often advised to take aspirin, and sometimes to drink hot tea. Is that traditional advice sound? Not according to two British pharmacologists, Anthony Milton and Michael Dascombe of the University of London's School of Pharmacy. Aspirin does reduce high temperature, but caffeine—a stimulant present in tea, coffee and some types of cola drinks—appears to keep body heat up when taken in quantity. Thus the two substances cancel out each other's effects.

The pair made their initial observations on laboratory animals, injecting some with an endotoxin, a bacterial substance that produces fever, and others with an endotoxin-caffeine combination. Those receiving both developed higher fevers than those injected with the endotoxin alone. The researchers then tried treating the animals with an aspirin-caffeine preparation similar to those sold as patent cold remedies. The combination did not reduce temperature at all. A follow-up study with human volunteers confirmed the animal experiments. When 35 students received typhoid vaccinations, which produce a mild infection and fever, those who were given caffeine had higher temperatures than those who were not.

Doctors are not yet sure how caffeine raises fever or blocks aspirin's cooling properties. They speculate that caffeine may stimulate release of certain fever-producing hormones. But pending further study, they have some simple advice: fever sufferers should avoid tea, coffee and medications containing caffeine. To wash down aspirin, use water.

THE LAW

The \$5 Pot Ticket

Pot smokers have good reason to be high on Ann Arbor, Mich. Last May the city council, led by two radical council members from the Human Rights Party, eased its already liberal marijuana law so that use or sale between friends would be punishable by a \$5 fine. Offenders were issued a ticket payable in court, and even repeaters got off at \$5 a head. Judged by the number of local arrests, the relaxed Ann Arbor rules did not increase the use of pot, and so last week the council voted to ease up still more. The amended ordinance will allow offenders to mail in pot tickets, just like parking fines.

"Lord Porn's" Report

"I was 65 years old before, as far as I can remember, the word pornography ever crossed my lips in public." But after seeing the London production of *Oh! Calcutta!*, the seventh Earl of Longford rose in the House of Lords last year to deliver an anti-obscenity speech so stirring that it stirred the Earl himself to action. Last week an unofficial, privately financed 52-man committee chosen and headed by Longford, completed 16 months of investigation by publishing a 520-page report on pornography. Unlike the President's commission in the U.S., Lord Longford's study found that pornography creates an addiction "leading to deviant obsessions and actions." He also recommended that Britain's anti-obscenity laws be strengthened and extended.

Such conclusions would perhaps not be surprising from a group organized by a former leader of the House of Lords, a Roman Catholic convert and one of 24 knights companions of the Order of the Garter (motto: "Evil to him who evil thinks"). But Lord Longford is also a longtime socialist who helped design the British welfare state, a self-styled "fellow-traveling member of Women's Lib" and the first member of the House of Lords to speak in favor of legalizing private adult homosexual acts. Longford and the bishops, social scientists, housewives, educators, pop stars and writers who made up the committee sampled pornography of every kink and kind. They interviewed purveyors, performers and police and sorted through the 5,000 letters that poured in to them.

In concluding that pornography is harmful, the Longford Committee was much impressed by the testimony of people who claimed to have been corrupted or made criminals by sexual material. One 17-year-old boy, for example, after seeing a sex film, "rushed round his home in a frenzy and then went out and sexually assaulted a girl of five." Longford, who was dubbed

"Lord Porn" by the London press, agrees with critics of his methods that "it is not always or even often possible to produce conclusive evidence that any social factor leads to a particular result." However, he and the majority of his committee believe that the weight of evidence points to the clear and present danger of pornography.

The legal definition of obscenity in Great Britain is that which tends "to deprave and corrupt." Because this effect is difficult to prove, the committee

PICTORIAL PARADE



LONGFORD & WIFE SAMPLING WARES

An addiction leading to deviance.

would change the wording to that which would "outrage contemporary standards of decency or humanity accepted by the public at large." It would then be up to juries to decide on contemporary standards. "Justice may be fallible," Lord Longford admits. "But opinion does express itself to the times through the jury." The report also urged that heavier fines and jail sentences be meted out and that it "be illegal to show children under educational auspices any material which may not be shown in a public place."

Civil libertarians and writers immediately charged that the proposed definition of obscenity would "virtually outlaw any expression of nonconformity" and "inhibit the serious artist." The *Times* of London found the whole report effective "as a barrage in a campaign" but not thorough, coherent or detached enough to be useful in sparking new legislation.

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How and What to Read

As attested by the popularity of speed-reading courses, many people think that reading better means simply reading faster. To Mortimer J. Adler, who for 32 years has been teaching Americans *How to Read a Book*, great speed is of value "only if what you have to read is really not worth reading." To keep serious readers from becoming "literate ignoramuses who have read too widely and not well," he wrote his self-help guide, which over the years has sold more than 420,000 copies. Now, for the post-television generation, he has produced a new version of the book, which is almost completely rewritten but still carries the old message: "If we are disposed to go on learning and discovering, we must know how to make books teach us well."

At 69, Adler has spent much of his career pigeonholing books and, in one way or another, teaching people how to read them. With Robert M. Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago, he winnowed Western thought into *Great Books of the Western World*, a 54-volume set of 443 works by 74 authors (from Homer to Freud), which was published in 1952. To help readers explore those works, he classified man's search for wisdom into 102 basic ideas (from "Angel" to "World") and fashioned an index which he called the Synopticon, meaning "collection of topics." It directs a reader exploring the ideas to every mention of them in the *Great Books*, plus the Bible.

More recently, he has directed his own Institute for Philosophical Research in Chicago in dissecting each of the 102 basic ideas. So far it has published volumes on Freedom, Love, Justice, Happiness and Progress, and now Adler and two researchers are exploring Equality.

Serious Failure. Grasping such ideas requires skillful reading, but Adler finds that U.S. schools stop teaching reading by the sixth grade. To Adler, this is a serious failure, for he believes that only reading well can provide a continuing education, and that the skills it requires—keen observation, wide imagination and reflective analysis—can all be taught. His *How to Read a Book* was an attempt to do precisely that. In the new edition (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95), Adler has added material on novels and poetry as well as synoptical reading (how to read two or more books on the same subject). The book was written in collaboration with Charles Van Doren, 46, the onetime English instructor and Quiz Whiz who came to grief in the TV scandals of 1958-59. In recent years Van Doren has been working with Adler, editing and conducting great books discussion groups.

Adler recommends that a reader skim a book, deciding in an hour or less whether it is worth reading. If so, he should read it quickly to gain an overall impression. Then, if it is a book that will increase his understanding, he should reread it slowly, applying 15 rules of analysis. (Sample: "Know the author's arguments, by finding them in, or constructing them out of sequences of sentences.") Adler's method also requires the reader to underline key statements, make marginal notes and outline the main points on the end papers. Such notations will not only help him get the most out of a book but make subsequent reading more rewarding, for to Adler a great book is "endlessly rereadable."

Among such books Adler counts Aristotle's *Ethics* and Plato's *Republic*. He has read both at least 25 times. These, plus most of his other nominations for great books are on the recommended list of *How to Read a Book*. However, 28 authors that he recommended in 1940 have disappeared from the new edition. The missing authors include Henry Adams and Trotsky, along with Quintilian and Maimonides. They were banished because subsequent readings convinced Adler that they were not really first-rate, or because they provoked too little discussion at his seminars.

Meanwhile, 34 authors of merely "good" books, chosen from the 100 or so that Adler reads each year, have been added, including works by Epicurus, Martin Luther and six writers of the 20th century: Historian Arnold Toynbee, Physicist Max Planck, Philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre and Novelists Henry James, Franz Kafka and Alexander Solzhenitsyn.



PHILOSOPHER MORTIMER ADLER
Faster is not better.



ENGLISH CLASS DISCUSSING FILM

Courses to Turn You On

In many universities and colleges, the formerly "kept" departments—those in which courses were once full because they were required of all students—have never recovered from the curriculum reforms of recent years. Modern languages and history have been especially hard hit. For example, chiefly because the University of Wisconsin reduced its language requirement in 1971, enrollment in French at the Madison campus tumbled from 4,800 to 2,100. It has stayed down ever since, despite the blandishments of new courses like one on French cinema. In other lagging disciplines, some professors have even tried Madison Avenue techniques to fill classes: plugging their courses in student-newspaper ads, in flyers on bulletin boards and simply by buttonholing likely prospects. The University of Pennsylvania's geology department, for instance, sought majors by mailing freshmen leaflets asking, "Give us a chance to turn you on."

At many other campuses, however, there has been something of a shift back to the traditional departments, even without advertisements. "Students don't seem as negative about hard-core academic subjects as they used to be," says Administrator Robin Clouser of the University of Kansas. "There is no longer a big demand here for courses in Eastern philosophy or arts and crafts." At Case Western Reserve, modern-language enrollments dropped 70% when the courses were made optional in 1969 but had rebounded about 25% by this year. By popular demand, Princeton this fall launched a new interdisciplinary major in medieval studies. "Students today find the mystical and spiritual values of the Middle Ages very attractive," explains Professor John V. Fleming. A similar program did so well

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EDUCATION

at Barnard that the college has added a major in ancient studies. At the University of Massachusetts, enrollment in the classics has quadrupled in two years. Says Wayne Schlepp, chairman of Wisconsin's popular East Asian languages and literature department: "Relevance is where you find it."

Jobs. Enrollments in some subjects have changed for very pragmatic reasons. Almost everywhere, engineering and teaching courses are still depressed because of the poor job market for graduates. At the same time, chemistry and biology courses are overflowing because increasing numbers of students want to go to medical school for a combination of reasons, including both altruism and the desire to make a good living. Generally speaking, student interest in sociology and psychology is continuing high. At Princeton, the number of juniors majoring in psychology has jumped from about a dozen to 76 in two years, though there has been a drop in the number of sociology majors.

Still flourishing are courses known by the nicknames given them by students. Among them: "sluts and nuts," a Princeton course on deviant behavior; "rocks for jocks," an elementary geology course popular among athletes at Pennsylvania; and "physics for freaks," a course designed for humanities majors at Wisconsin. Professors willing to bend imaginatively to shifts in student tastes can always fill their classes. At the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, the English department got students interested in reading the classics—Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*—by adding movies like *The Godfather* to the assignment list and calling the course "The Gangster in Film and Literature."

Mitsubishi at Harvard

Japan has never had a tradition of private or corporate philanthropy. Nevertheless, last week the huge Mitsubishi group of industries gave \$1,000,000 to endow a professorship in Japanese legal studies at Harvard Law School. The occasion was the 54th anniversary of a similar gift by U.S. Banker A. Barton Hepburn for a chair in American studies at Tokyo University Law School. For Mitsubishi, Harvard was a logical choice: it has both great prestige and some of America's foremost Asian specialists, including Edwin O. Reischauer, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan.

As one of the world's largest conglomerates—its operations are as diverse as banking, shipping and steel—Mitsubishi wants to help improve strained Japanese relations with the U.S., which ranks among its biggest markets. "Every effort must be made to preserve and foster our ties," said Mitsubishi Corp. President Chujiro Fujino, as he handed the gift check to Harvard President Derek Bok. Then they toasted the event with Kirin, a Japanese beer exported, naturally, by Mitsubishi.



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ART



TSAI WITH MOVING RODS

Shaped by Strobe

Most kinetic art seemed to have been banished to attics in Easthampton and closets in the 16th arrondissement—those clicking fluorescent wall boxes, those spinning mirrors, those balky, home-wired devices that were about as much fun, as a pinball machine.

Perhaps nobody could believe that a simple art machine would reconcile gallery culture and "life," when all his household tools, from stereo to juicer, are stuffed with miniaturized circuits and every disothèque routinely puts on light shows that eclipse anything that the Biennale ever offered. Yet, a few artists continue to produce kinetic objects of real aesthetic interest. One is an affable Chinese ex-engineer from Shanghai named Tsai, whose cybernetic sculptures—the result of a fellowship at M.I.T.—are currently at the Denise René gallery in New York.

A grove of slender stainless-steel rods rises from a plate. This base vibrates at 30 cycles per second: the rods flex rapidly, in harmonic curves. Set in a dark room, they are lit by strobes. The pulse of the flashing lights varies—they are connected to sound and proximity sensors. The result is that when one approaches a Tsai or makes a noise in its vicinity, the thing responds. The rods appear to move; there is a shimmering, a flashing, an eerie ballet of metal, whose apparent movements range from stillness to jittering, and back to a slow, indescribably sensuous undulation.

The rods appear to defy the laws of matter and occupy two places at the

same time; or one can put a finger into an apparently empty patch of air and feel it hammered by an invisible solid.

It seems appropriate that the origins of Tsai's art lie in an experience of nature. One day in 1965 in a New Hampshire wood, Tsai spent hours watching the sun flickering through the wind-stirred trees. "Then I realized that this could go into sculpture. I was interested in vibration already—but theoretically. It all came together that day in the woods." His working method is intuitive: one sculpture had to be remade 21 times before its movement was right. But the result justifies the effort. Tsai's work is free from the determinism and obtrusive simplicity of most kinetic art, and remains wholly poetic. "I don't have any fear of engineering," he asserts, "so I can't see electronics as an art fetish. The how isn't important. It's what you see that counts."

■ Robert Hughes

Mystic at Work

"The psyche is not of today. It reaches back to prehistoric ages. Has man really changed in the last 10,000 years?" Thus Carl Jung introduced his theory of archetypes: of the instinctive symbols which, he argued, describe the primary, immortal structures of the human mind. Generally speaking, it has been Freud, not Jung, who presided over modern art—chiefly through Surrealism. But the hope of discovering forms that are numinous and sacred in Jung's sense has never quite left painting. To be sure, a lot of its manifestations have been head-shop trash—Peter Max mandalas and the like. But some have not, and these have mostly been ignored. A possibly key figure in this undertaking—the restoration of spirituality to painting, no less—is an almost unknown painter from Topeka, Kans., named Floyd Johnson, 39, whose recent work is on view simultaneously at Manhattan's Bykert and Rankow galleries.

Johnson uses the conventional technique of stained acrylic on raw canvas, but his work stands in complete contrast both to the programmed geometries of Stella or No-land and to their opposites, the so-called "lyrical abstractionists." It is, to begin with, about specific images. A high-strung man, Johnson years ago and without drugs experienced what he refers to as a "spiritual crisis," accompanied by visions and hallucinations: vast primal shapes, cloudy or brilliantly lit, floating in deep space. "After that, I didn't paint for years.

But my present work is about that central event. I believe I was watching the whole evolution of life, from its fundamental shapes—the building blocks of consciousness."

Visual Parallel. Typically, each of Johnson's works focuses on one central emblem, stained into an unstretched canvas that hangs, like a banner, on the wall: an orange-gold cone hovering in a void of purplish red; an exhilarating surge of scrolling ochreous waves, speckled with jade and malachite green. Johnson is an exceptional colorist, both astringent and opulent, and his work—like many a Tibetan tanka or Indonesian temple door—makes no bones about its decorative aspect. Yet behind this seduction of the eye is a strange impersonality, as though Johnson's role in painting them had at a certain point become mediumistic—notes transmitted from outside. "The choice of a particular image," Johnson remarked to Critic Emily Wasserman, "can actually dictate the behavior of the paint"—a fact which explains the apparent jumps of style in his work. But Johnson's images are not about style. Their concern is, rather, contemplation; and Johnson's ancient forms, slowly experienced, form a kind of visual parallel to Lao-tzu's description of the Tao, the principle behind the universe:

As a thing the Tao is shadowy,

indistinct.

Indistinct and shadowy, yet within

it is an image.

Shadowy and indistinct, yet within

it is a substance.

Dim and dark, yet within it is an

essence.

This essence is quite genuine,

And within it is something that can be tested.

■ R.H.

FLOYD JOHNSON IN STUDIO



SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Hooked into Lily

The voice sounds like an air-raid siren with adenoids. The face, a passably good copy of a pickle, is caught between a snarl and a smile, the snarl usually winning out. "You are not talking with just anyone's fool," she snorts indignantly. "I am a high school graduate." Who could doubt that Ernestine, the world's most famous telephone operator, has her diploma—or that Lily Tomlin, her creator, is the funniest, most inventive comedienne to come along since Elaine May?

In one of her Ernestine routines, she is dunning an invisible Gore Vidal—whose name she pronounces "Veedle"—for \$23.64. When "Mr. Veedle" talks back, she threatens him with all those recordings that the phone company has been making of his calls over the years. "I think blackmail is such an ugly word," she tells him in a voice that mixes honey with brine. "Let's just call it a vicious threat."

In another bit, Ernestine complains to Joan Crawford that she was robbed of a dime by a Pepsi-Cola machine. "I want it back, all ten cents of it," she informs Crawford, a highly publicized member of Pepsi's board of directors. Unless she gets it, Ernestine promises, Pepsi's phones will be ripped out a six-pack at a time. "You don't un-

derstand," she tells anyone who disputes her authority. "This is the telephone company. We are not subject to city, state, or federal legislation. We are omnipotent."

Real People. Tomlin's satire delights in big, powerful targets like the phone company and the FBI. (Ernestine suggests in one skit that her company and the FBI work together, since they both tap phones.) "There is bite in her comedy," says Producer George Schlatter, who gave Tomlin her big break on NBC's *Laugh-In* in 1969. "But she never goes for a joke outside the character. She won't burn herself out because people are interested in her characters, who are real people."

They are all based on real people, at any rate. Mrs. Earbore, the Tasteful Lady, is a takeoff on the country-club women of Grosse Pointe, Mich., whom Tomlin observed while she was growing up in Detroit. Edith Ann, the 51-year-old thug—Tomlin's best known routine after Ernestine—derives from a little girl she met in a Pasadena hotel. "I wanted to do a child," she says, "and I'd probably thought about Edith Ann for years without being conscious of it. I had some trouble making her scruffy; the *Laugh-In* producers wanted her to look like Shirley Temple."

Edith Ann is not only unlovable; she is a kid you want to kick. "I don't

usually get a cold," she says in a voice borrowed from an emery board. "I have leprosy." Her chief concern in life is finding some place to play doctor with Junior Phillips, her six-year-old boy friend. Like other little girls, Edith Ann dresses up—but she puts a doll under her dress so that she looks pregnant.

Attention, Diners. Tomlin's first acting experience was in a production of *The Madwoman of Chaillet* at Wayne State University. After two years of college, she headed for a show business career in New York, where one of her first acts was as a waitress at a Broadway Howard Johnson's. "Attention, diners," she announced over the loudspeaker one evening. "Your Howard Johnson's waitress of the week, Miss Lily Tomlin, is about to make her appearance on the floor. Let's all give her a big hand!" Tomlin's peculiar brand of humor was not one of the 28 flavors that Howard Johnson's featured—though she got double tips that evening—and the next day she went on to another job. Soon she was entertaining patrons of Manhattan coffeehouses and cabarets—without waiting on tables.

Almost fanatical about her privacy, Tomlin, 33, today lives alone in a one-bedroom house off Sunset Boulevard. She is a militant feminist, and has used the proceeds from her first hit record to buy the movie rights to Cynthia Buchanan's comic novel *Maiden*, about a disastrously liberated California virgin, in which she eventually hopes to star. Indeed, despite her busy schedule of comic skits on TV variety shows—she is still a *Laugh-In* regular—and the concert circuit, Lily considers herself first and foremost an actress, and she hankers to play the heavy dramatic parts of a Glenda Jackson. Jackson seems to have cornered the market on Elizabeth I, but the mind boggles at what Tomlin might do with, say, the hidden humor of Victoria Regina.

Biting the Hand

The *New Bill Cosby Show*, complained TV Critic David Sheehan, looked as if it had been written by high school dropouts. *Gunslike* should have blown away years ago, and Doris Day was little more than "peaches and cream cuteness" on her highly rated sitcom. Fair enough comment, except that all the shows happen to be on CBS, and Sheehan is critic for KNXT, a CBS-owned station in Los Angeles.

Though TV stations have had drama and movie reviewers for years, Sheehan is the first example of commercial TV regularly criticizing TV on the air.* CBS executives in New York City were understandably reluctant to ap-

*A somewhat similar experiment was carried out this year by WBBM-TV, CBS's outlet in Chicago, which brought in critics from the local newspapers to review the new TV season on the 10 o'clock news.

MRS. EARBORE, THE TASTEFUL LADY



TOMLIN AS TOMLIN



ERNESTINE, THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR



EDITH ANN, THE OBNOXIOUS 5 1/2-YEAR-OLD

ESQUIRE W. GOLD



CRITIC SHEEHAN IN SCREENING ROOM
A state of reverse paranoia.

prove the plan, which went into effect on KNXT's 6 o'clock news two weeks ago. The Los Angeles outlets of NBC and ABC were downright hostile when Sheehan asked them for film clips to illustrate his reviews. "They felt that I would automatically praise CBS shows and pan theirs," he says. ABC went so far as to demand a signed affidavit that the reviews would be favorable. NBC simply said no.

As it turned out, neither had any more cause to worry than CBS. Besides knocking some CBS entries, Sheehan has praised some of the rival programs. He raved about ABC's *Julie Andrews Hour* and saluted NBC's *Reports*. To even things up, he said that ABC's new series, *The Rookies*, was a "dumb day-dream" and called NBC's first *Search* episode, starring Hugh O'Brian, a "kind of plastic epitome of wasteland television: you want to ask for your hour back when it's over." With all the knocks, CBS of course has had its share of favorable reviews. Sheehan liked, among others, *M*A*S*H*, *Mauld*, and *Annu and the King*.

Sheehan, 34, was a novelist and the director of an avant-garde theater in Los Angeles before becoming a cultural critic for KNXT last year. He says that he expected to have to battle his bosses over unfavorable reviews of CBS products, but "there hasn't been a hint of censorship. In fact, I've got to the state of reverse paranoia, and I'm so fully convinced of their fairness that I just say what I think needs to be said." He adds, as proof of his paranoia: "That may be my downfall."

The other two networks now give him clips of some shows but withhold others, pleading legal difficulties. Given TV's penchant for imitation, it is a fair bet that other stations will follow with TV critics of their own.

The Rerun Syndrome

At first there is usually an uncomfortable sense of *déjà vu*. Then there is an angry feeling of having been cheated. Then, perhaps, there is a sigh of resignation. Whatever the symptoms, the syndrome affects all regular TV viewers who discover, sometimes as early as February, that their favorite shows are in reruns. Now even President Nixon is aware of the syndrome and is using his influence as the nation's No. 1 viewer to try to force the networks to limit the number of reruns.

Nixon's concern in this election year lies more in gaining votes than in viewing, however. His chief interest seems to be to gain the support of the Screen Actors Guild. The guild, in an attempt to alleviate unemployment among Hollywood actors, is asking the Federal Communications Commission to limit reruns to 25% of prime evening time (v. 45% now, according to S.A.G.) and to require the networks to produce more original programming.

The networks reply that programming is so expensive these days that if they did limit reruns to 25% of prime time, they would either go broke or they would have to do all their shows on the cheap. Quality would suffer, they claim, and there would be less money for expensive specials and news shows. The upshot, they say, might be less employment rather than more.

High Prices. Ironically, one of the many reasons for the staggering TV production costs is the featherbedding practiced by the West Coast TV unions. A half-hour show like *All in the Family* costs around \$100,000—double what it would have cost in 1960. An hour-long variety program like the *Dean Martin Show* costs about \$230,000. Reruns are an important source of profits to recoup such expenditures.

The presidential pressure, which the networks can scarcely ignore, comes just at a time when they are planning bolder—and possibly unprofitable—programming. This season will include specials like ABC's series about Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt and David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones*, one of several dramas CBS and Joseph Papp are planning. If the networks were forced into a rigid formula limiting reruns, they would undoubtedly opt for the cheapest solution, dropping the specials and extending the standard run of series from the present 22-to-24 weeks to the 39 weeks of a decade or so ago.

The long-suffering viewer would once more be denied any real choice in the matter. But to him, one *Long Day's Journey* may be worth 39 *Gunsmokes*—and an infinite number of *Doris Day Shows*. What is needed in TV is not longer-running series but more diversity. One way to increase diversity—and employment—might be to expand the production capacities of public TV. Yet Nixon vetoed increased appropriations for public TV only last June.

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Reviews

Divorced Catholics and Communion

Ralph has been married for 22 years. His wife and four teen-age daughters are, like him, devout Catholics. But when the family goes to Mass together each Sunday, only his daughters receive Communion. Why? Ralph had an earlier, unsuccessful marriage, and when he remarried he was automatically excluded from the church's sacramental life. His wife is likewise barred from the sacraments because she is a baptized Catholic who has married a divorced man.

Ralph's case is hypothetical. But his plight is a reality for perhaps 5,000,000 American Catholics, many of whom have resolved the conflict by abandoning their faith. Others simply ignore the church's prohibition, continuing to receive the sacraments without official sanction. But there are also Catholics like Ralph who feel morally bound by the stern strictures of canon law and who would rather have a second-class citizenship in the church than none at all. To live this way, as one sympathetic diocesan official puts it, "you practically have to be a religious nut."

Deus Dux. One way out of the dilemma may be for Ralph and his wife to separate or seek the church's permission to live together platonically. (Since the church does not recognize his remarriage, conjugal relations between them are considered adulterous.) Another way would be for Ralph to try to get his first marriage annulled by church tribunals—a process that despite recent reforms may take years and entail a considerable outlay of money.

Since Vatican II, a number of U.S. dioceses have adopted formal procedures to readmit estranged Catholics to Communion without judging the validity of their existing marriage. One of the first to do so was Portland, Ore., where archdiocesan chancellor, Father Bertram Griffin, set up a so-called "good conscience" plan seven years ago. Says Griffin: "We were trying to bring canon law and pastoral practice together."

The Portland plan specified three criteria for readmission, which are similar to those used in other dioceses: the petitioning Catholic must deem his existing marriage stable and binding; the risk of scandal arising from the return of the petitioner to Communion must be minimal; finally, the petitioner must in "good conscience" believe that his former marriage was invalid. His reasons for this must be of the kind that are unprovable in church tribunals. Such cases would include those where the former spouse is accused of fraudulent intent and is unwilling to talk, or where he was homosexual or impotent and declined to undergo the required

psychiatric or medical examinations.

The most recent diocese to adopt good-conscience procedures, Baton Rouge, La., has also become the scene of the innovation's undoing. In June, Bishop Robert Tracy announced that he was setting up a good-conscience committee to regularize the process of bringing certain remarried Catholics back to the sacraments. "The church has a pastoral responsibility of healing and forgiveness," the bishop said. "I trust this announcement will be met by all the people of our diocese with joy."

The bishop miscalculated. A group of conservative laymen called *Deus Dux* ("God is our leader") sent a let-



BISHOP TRACY OF BATON ROUGE
Healing and forgiveness.

ter of complaint to Rome and held a "pray-in" in front of Bishop Tracy's apartment. Even worse for the good-conscience cause, Tracy's announcement touched off an ecclesiastical storm in the hierarchy.

Jesuit Daniel Lyons, a conservative columnist for the *National Catholic Register*, termed the good-conscience practice "a scandal" and questioned how any divorced Catholic who attempted remarriage could be considered to be in good conscience. Lyons' view is known to be shared privately by many U.S. prelates, including the president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia. In August, Cardinal Krol consigned the good-conscience cause to limbo. Citing a Vatican directive, the cardinal forbade all practices "contrary to current discipline," pending the results of a study on the problems of remarried Catholics that is currently under way in Rome. Most of the

dioceses known to have set up good-conscience procedures have now suspended them.* It is unlikely though that the many hundreds of Catholics who have already been reinstated will now be turned away from Communion.

The good-conscience cause is only the tip of a theological iceberg. Several liberal Catholic thinkers have been reassessing the church's literal interpretation of the New Testament teaching on the indissolubility of marriage. They argue that indissolubility is an ideal rather than an absolute, and that a marriage from which the emotional and psychological life has faded is no less sundered than a union ended by the death of one of the partners. In his new book *Power to Dissolve* (Belknap Press, Harvard; \$15), Lawyer-Philosopher John T. Noonan Jr. indicates that the church's conception of what makes a marriage null has been fluid rather than fixed throughout the eight-century evolution of canon law. Writes Noonan: "Neither the theoretical construct of marriage nor the express texts of Scripture, neither the absence of precedent nor the desire for uniformity, has barred innovation in the past." Noonan speaks for many Catholics when he says that the evolution should, and will, continue.

Tricolor Baptism

The scene was a baptism in the devoutly Catholic Brittany town of Morlaix: proud parents, thirty beaming friends, godparents holding the infant girl. But why was everybody gathered at the city hall instead of the local church? Why was the deputy mayor, in his tricolor sash, presiding instead of a priest with his stole? The ceremony was in fact a "republican baptism." Instead of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the baby was christened in the spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity.

This rare form of civil baptism dates back to 1790 in Strasbourg, where the first recorded ceremony took place amid the fervor of the French Revolution. Recent years have seen a sporadic revival of the practice particularly among atheistic socialists like the parents in last week's ceremony. Jacques Destable, 27, and his wife Christine, 22. Writing in the Morlaix birth registry, the Destables charged the godparents with the responsibility, if necessary, of raising their daughter Juliette "solely in the cult of reason, honesty, the love of labor and of the republic."

The lone traditional touch came afterward, when the Destables handed around pink-sugar-coated almonds. But that did not sweeten the ceremony for some of their neighbors. "Most people have treated me very coldly," lamented Destable. "I have the feeling that many Bretons haven't yet accepted the French Revolution."

* Besides Portland and Baton Rouge, they include Boise, Idaho; Baker, Ore.; Seattle, Wash.; Birmingham, Pueblo, Colo.; and Helena, Mont.

7 cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

Since Edgar has a big family

(a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to

his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



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CINEMA

School Ties

A SEPARATE PEACE
Directed by LARRY PEECE
Screenplay by FRED SEGAL

This is a movie about a boy who falls out of a tree. It touches, in addition, on such evergreen themes as coming of age, loss of innocence and passage into uncertain manhood. Such an undertaking represents a narrowing in scope for Larry Peerce, whose previous effort, *The Sporting Club*, dra-

matized the decline of the West. In symbolic terms, of course.

At the Devon School (portrayed by the Phillips Exeter Academy), young men sport and struggle through their studies, only intermittently aware of the global conflict that rages outside their ivy cloister. The movie, an unreasonably faithful adaptation of John Knowles' novel, begins in the summer of 1942, currently a fashionable time for elegies to vanished youth. Finny (John Heyl) and Gene (Parker Stevenson) are roommates and best friends. Finny is forever the leader; Gene is more scholarly, more tentative. Together they form a club frivolously called the "Suicide Society." Initiation involves jumping off the limb of a tall tree into the river below.

One day Finny falls from the tree and breaks his leg. Gene spends the rest of the movie consumed by guilt. Did he shake the branch to make his friend fall because of Finny's unrelenting competitiveness? Or to still a growing homosexual affection? In any case, the terrible truth about the tree limb comes out in a kangaroo court. Finny breaks his leg again, and the kindly old school doctor sets the bone. But there are complications, and Finny meets the kind of unexpected and

untimely end that whisked the heroine of *Love Story* off to Valhalla.

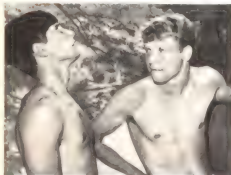
Peerce is a cinematic version of Frank Sullivan's cliché expert. During the tree-climbing episodes, the camera peers up from a low angle, the sun making dainty little flares in the lens. During a confrontation in the drawing room of Finny's Boston home, a clock ticks loudly, a desperate device intended to lend a little spine to the sponge-cake theatrics. As for the unfortunate actors, they are all nonprofessionals and are likely to remain so. • Jay Cocks

Gallie Gangsters

THE GODSON
Directed by JEAN-PIERRE MELVILLE
Screenplay by JEAN-PIERRE MELVILLE

The true title of this movie is *Le Samouraï*—or was, anyway, until it was picked up for American distribution in the wake of *The Godfather*'s huge success. The title is not the only thing that has been changed. The film has been perfunctorily dubbed into English, so that all the actors sound like waiters in a New York French restaurant. Scenes end abruptly, continuity and motivation are often tentative at best, for the movie has been somewhat truncated for U.S. release.

Despite all this, *The Godson*'s elegiac mood and spacious sense of style reveal undeniably adept direction. Ex-



STEVENSON & HEYL IN "PEACE"
Out on a limb.

Salem refreshes



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

cept for his *Doulos—The Finger Man*, an atmospheric thriller that appeared in 1964, Jean-Pierre Melville's work has been little-seen in this country. He himself popped up in Godard's *Breathless*, where he played a celebrated film maker giving an interview to Jean Seberg. In France, indeed, he is celebrated for melancholy Giallic exercises in gangsterism, American style.

In *Le Samurais—The Godson*, Alain Delon appears as a French gangster with the unlikely name of Jeff Costello, an icy and dogged professional who kills the manager of a Paris nightclub and then is set upon by the people who hired him. He flies, too, pursue Costello. He tries to work his way out of his classic quandary with characteristic efficiency, by dodging the cops even as he hunts down the men who are hunting him.

Like a samurai warrior, Costello is obsessed by ritual, whether it is pulling on a pair of white gloves before he uses his revolver or standing in front of a mirror adjusting the brim of his hat until it is just so. The hat, unfortunately, looks like a felt pie pan, and Delon moves mechanically through the action. Melville means to pay sober homage to all the Hollywood films that did all this but better. It is a pity that for all its virtues, *The Godson's* patina of high seriousness renders every scene forced and self-conscious. ■ J.C.

Worn-Down Gumshoes

HICKEY AND BOGGS

Directed by ROBERT CULP

Screenplay by WALTER HILL

There is little sense but much of interest in this quirkish thriller about a couple of Los Angeles gumshoes on their uppers. Al Hickey (Bill Cosby) and Frank Boggs (Robert Culp) are two private eyes who look as if they just got pulled out of a lineup. Their office is off a parking lot behind Hollywood Boulevard, although you'd have a better chance of finding them at the bar down the street, last two stools on the end.

Al and Frank are hired by a limp-wristed shyster to locate his girl friend. "A switch-hitting sweet lips?" Boggs inquires skeptically, but he doesn't press the matter. He and Hickey need the \$200 a day. The investigation becomes progressively messier, involving counterfeits, fences, torpedoes and other citizens of the Southern California underworld.

Culp, who is directing his first feature film, disdains coherence in favor of establishing a seedy L.A. milieu, which he does so well that the frenzied illogic of the narrative is almost forgotten. Chili-dog stands, musty apartments atoprophied since the 1920s, labyrinthine ranch houses perched on the edge of cracking cliffs, all give *Hickey and*



COSBY & CULP IN "BOGGS"

On the skids.

Boggs a fine, evocative sense of a seamy city rotting in the sunshine.

Culp and Cosby, who worked together on television's *I Spy* for three years, have established an effortless and instinctual rapport. Instead of casual, world-hopping superspies, here we have them as two weary, dreary guys whose lives are on the skids. Hickey is estranged from his wife, excellently acted by Rosalind Cash. Boggs, divorced from his, occasionally picks up hookers of indeterminate gender. Once in a while these characterizations swerve close to caricature, like the movie itself. But *Hickey and Boggs* is one of those weird, not wholly successful genre films that, for their general vigor and many individual virtues, end up being a great deal more engaging than the typical big-budget Hollywood behemoth. ■ J.C.

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CHAPIN BERNSTEIN
A gift of spring rain.

alogue—never before heard at the Met. Even listeners with only high school French got a better sense of the plot. Bernstein looked at the score as though he had never conducted it before—which he had not—and came up with a broad, slow but crackling fast performance that underlined Carmen's sense of doom. "Perhaps," says McCracken, "the sense of tragedy was even more influenced by the death of Mr. Gentile. The real tragedy influenced everyone's approach." ■ William Bender

■ More people have heard Marilyn Horne sing *Carmen* than are aware of it. In 1954 she dubbed the sound track for Dorothy Dandridge in the 20th Century-Fox movie adaptation of the musical *Carmen Jones*. Otherwise, she has been in no hurry to sing the role on America's major opera stage. Born in Bradford, Pa., raised in Los Angeles, Horne is one of a number of outstanding American singers who prefer to come to the Met only when they are ready for it—and it for them.

Mainly as a result of her stubborn faith in her own instincts, Horne at 18 flunked out of the opera workshop at the University of Southern California. To sing *Carmen* at that age, as the director insisted, would ruin her voice, she felt. Yet at 21, she was one of Los Angeles' more prominent singers, performing Palestrina and Brahms with the Roger Wagner Chorale and Igor Stravinsky with Igor Stravinsky.

Horne recalls that it was her father, an assessor and sometime tenor, who first recognized her talents. "He'd let me go out and play evenings," she says, "but then he'd be waiting for me at the piano when I came in." She went to Europe in 1956 and rove through the apprentice shops of Germany and Italy. She especially remembers arriving in the small German village of Erkenschwick to find that the theater had no dressing rooms. She and the rest of the cast changed in the bus. "The whole town cheered us one by one as we got off

the bus in our costumes," she recalls.

Marilyn, 38, is known to her friends as Jackie, a nickname given her by her older brother because he wanted a brother. In Orange, N.J., she is also known as Mrs. Henry Lewis, the mother of Angela, aged seven, and the wife of the conductor who in 1968 became the first black ever to head an American symphony orchestra, the New Jersey Symphony. When she was getting ready to marry Lewis back in 1960, her friends warned her of possible black-white hostilities. As it turned out, the real problems were not interracial but interartistic. Says Horne: "There are times when Henry is coming back from a tour and needs me to soothe his wounds, or I am coming back and need someone to soothe mine. God forbid that they come at the same time."

A mezzo-soprano with a phenomenal 21-octave range, Horne is helping to bring back the days of the 19th century's Malibran and Pasta, who were really contraltos, mezzos and lyric sopranos rolled into one. "I don't call myself anything," says Horne. "I just sing what I can sing." What she can sing ranges from the atonal lyricism of her Marie in *Wozzeck* (her San Francisco Opera debut in 1960) through the heart-stopping bel canto fireworks of her Adalgisa in *Norma* (her Met debut in 1970) to the lyric drama of her current *Carmen*. She no longer performs in Erkenschwick, but the audiences are still standing at attention and cheering

MILESTONES

Divorced. Alvin Ray ("Pete") Rozelle, 46, drumbeating, tutelary commissioner of the National Football League for the past twelve years; and Jane Coupe Rozelle, 44; after 23 years of marriage (four of separation), one daughter; in New York City

■ **Died.** William Fitts Ryan, 50, Congressman from Manhattan who helped found New York's Democratic Party reform movement in the 1950s and who, during the past twelve years in the House, was among the earliest opponents of the war and a staunch advocate of such causes as women's rights, mainland China's admission to the U.N. and reduced military spending; of cancer; in New York City.

■ **Died.** Eugene A. Valencia, 51, World War II Navy air ace; of a heart attack; in San Antonio, where he was attending a convention of American Fighter Aces. In 1945, Lieut. Valencia led a four-man team that destroyed 50 airborne Japanese planes in a three-month period without suffering any losses or damage. He was personally credited with bagging a record 71 planes in a single day, scored a total of 23 kills, and was awarded the Navy Cross for his action in the South Pacific.

■ **Died.** Akim Tamiroff, 72, versatile character actor with tragicomic phiz and Volga-rich voice; in Palm Springs, Calif. Trained at the Moscow Art Theater, Tamiroff accompanied its repertory troupe on a tour of the U.S. in 1923 and stayed behind to act on Broadway. In 1932 he moved to Hollywood to begin a long film career that spanned more than 60 films. Although he never lost his thick Russian accent, Tamiroff plausibly played characters of nearly every nationality and won two Academy Award nominations for supporting actor—as the sinister Chinese warlord in *The General Died at Dawn*, and as the cowardly Spanish guerrilla leader Pablo in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

■ **Died.** Robert Casadesu, 73, French composer and pianist, best known for his pure, elegantly phrased interpretations of Mozart, Rameau, Debussy and Ravel; of cancer of the pancreas; in Paris. Born in Paris and trained at the piano from the age of four, Casadesu composed more than 60 works of his own including six symphonies. More widely recognized as a performer, he made 3,000 concert appearances during his 50-year career, as well as at least 30 recordings. Included in his concert repertory were seldom performed

compositions, three-piano concertos that Casadesu played with his wife Gaby and elder son Jean, who died in an automobile accident earlier this year.

■ **Died.** Fritz Glarner, 73, Swiss-born artist whose "relational painting" derived from the style of Piet Mondrian; of a stroke; in Locarno, Switzerland. A disciple of Mondrian in Paris during the '20s, Glarner moved to the U.S. in 1936 and set about developing his own identity as a painter and muralist. Though he retained the stark primary colors used by his mentor, Glarner skewed the Mondrian rectangles in an attempt to make his work seem less static. He spent three decades in the U.S., then returned to Switzerland six years ago after being critically injured on the liner *Michelangelo* during an Atlantic storm.

■ **Died.** Admiral Thomas L. Sprague, 77, former air commander of the Pacific Fleet (1949-52), who earned the Legion of Merit after the battle of Truk in 1944, when he rigged a sail on the forecastle of his torpedoed and crippled aircraft carrier *Intrepid*, shifted his planes forward to catch the wind, and guided the ship to safety at Pearl Harbor; of blood clots in the lung; in Chula Vista, Calif.

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ISSUES

Nixon's Second-Term Plans

RICHARD NIXON and George McGovern are in total agreement on at least one thing: they offer the most fundamental choice between presidential candidates in this century. Yet in the vital realm of economics, where both men consider their differences especially great, voters have a tough time defining the choice with any precision. After months of confusion, contradiction and revision, McGovern has now produced an explicit, detailed tax and spending program. Nixon, while assailing that program as threatening a radical lurch to the left, has made only the most general promises about what he might do in those areas during a second term.

Politically, that silence makes sense. As President, Nixon has a program in being—one that has made notable progress during the past year toward repairing the damage that his economic performance once did to his standing with the voters. On Aug. 15, 1971, Nixon abruptly reversed the policies that he followed in his first 2½ years in the White House; as a result, he has slowed inflation and produced a remarkable spurt in national output. Gross national product in 1973 seems likely to show a rise topping even this year's biggest-ever gain (see box on next page). Democrats argue that this record looks impressive only by comparison with the inflationary recession of 1970. Perhaps, but it has been good enough to help Nixon move to a lengthening lead in

the polls. And it has left the President free to concentrate on attacking McGovern's program rather than risk alienating anyone by spelling out possible changes in his own.

On the gut issue of taxation, for example, the Republican platform pledges "further tax reform," but the President has not dropped the slightest hint of whose taxes might be raised how much. Nor has he ever confirmed or denied the persistent speculation that he might propose a value-added tax (VAT), a kind of national sales tax. Treasury Secretary George Shultz, who has once again become Nixon's closest economic adviser after being eclipsed last year by John Connally, told Congress last week that "the probability that the President would want to do it is declining." Shultz offered no guidance on how, in that case, Nixon proposes to raise the \$16 billion a year that he has promised eventually to make available to local school districts, so that they can reduce property taxes.*

On the crucial subject of wage-price controls, Nixon seems sure to keep some version of his present program beyond its scheduled expiration date next April 30. Main reason: more than 4,000,000 workers are covered by major union contracts that expire next year. If con-

* This is one of the few subjects on which Nixon is outpromising McGovern. The Senator proposes \$14 billion a year in new federal aid to education, specifically for the purpose of enabling communities to reduce property taxes.



Native craftsman.

trols are lifted, their unions may well press for and win raises large enough to aggravate inflation badly.

Thus Nixon appears more hawkish on controls than McGovern. The Senator would abolish most statutory controls and substitute voluntary wage-price guidelines. He would, however, give the White House direct authority to order rollbacks of increases that flagrantly exceeded those standards. What changes Nixon might make in present controls is not at all clear. Administration officials hope that as inflation calms down they can progressively loosen the reins and make more exemptions. They expect the program ultimately to fade away—but how soon, no one will even guess.

For all the uncertainties of Nixon's second-term economic policy, his general direction could hardly be more at variance with McGovern's. The President has been impressed by the passion of voter resentment against taxes, and he has been frightened by the parade of gigantic budget deficits that his policies have done so much to produce, even though those deficits have helped to set off the current surge in the economy. So he will give top priority to a tough hold-down in Government spending in order to trim the deficits and avoid any net increase in federal taxes. Ronald Ziegler declared that "the President would not propose tax increases during his second term." That does not necessarily rule out some changes: tax reform could consist of a balanced package of increases and cuts, and White House Aide John Ehrlichman has put forth at least a semantic justification for VAT. If it led to local property-tax relief, said Ehrlichman, VAT would not be a tax increase but a "tax substitution."



BUDGET DIRECTOR CASPAR WEINBERGER LOOKING FOR LIKELY CUTS
Distressingly vague on alternatives to Democratic proposals.



"P'ssi...want another red hot deal on a pig in a poke?"

On the spending front, the Administration is asking Congress to set a \$250 billion ceiling on expenditures this fiscal year. That would require a slash of at least \$10 billion in the spending that otherwise would be likely, and would reduce the deficit by a like amount from the \$35 billion now foreseen. If the President gets what he wants from Congress, he would have what Deputy Treasury Secretary Charls Walker calls a "retroactive item veto" over money bills that have already been passed. Aides are not saying what would be cut. Shultz pledges only that the Administration would not touch Social Security or revenue sharing with the states, and that it would squeeze merely "a nickel or two" out of the Pentagon's budget. Most of the money would have to come out of welfare as well as Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs, which run the gamut from Headstart to VISTA. Direct federal grants-in-aid to states and cities for such purposes as hospital construction and rapid-transit improvement would also be in jeopardy. Some likely candidates for deep reductions: manpower training, urban renewal and the Model Cities program.

For fiscal 1974, which starts next July 1, Budget Director Caspar ("Cap The Knife") Weinberger is roughing out a plan to hold spending to \$262.5 billion, though he is likely to wind up at \$265 billion. That would further pare the deficit to around \$15 billion. More than that, it would bring expenditures into approximate balance with the revenues that the tax system would generate if the economy were operating at full employment. Although federal spending would climb about \$15 billion from this fiscal year, the increase would be entirely accounted for by rises, already dictated by law, in Social Security benefits, federal pay, interest on the national debt and other built-in expenditures. There would not be a penny for

TIME's Board of Economists

Forecast: Even Better in '73

ONE year ago, TIME's Board of Economists went out on a long limb and predicted that the then feeble recovery would gain enough strength in 1972 to produce the first \$100 billion gain in gross national product ever recorded by any country. That bullish forecast has turned out to be slightly too conservative: the advance for this year will turn out to be some \$101 billion. The board now predicts that 1973 will be even better, with a G.N.P. rise of around \$110 billion, to the elevated area of \$1,262 billion.

The range of forecasts, ventured at a meeting last week, is surprisingly narrow. Beryl Sprinkel, senior vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, foresees the lowest increase: \$107 billion. IBM Vice President David Grove is the high man, envisioning a \$112 billion advance. Predictions by three economists who run their figures through computers—Democrat Otto Eckstein, Republican Alan Greenspan and Nonpartisan Grove—come out almost identical. They are backed by board members who use, at this early stage in the forecasting season, a "back-of-the-envelope" approach. In percentage terms, the consensus prediction works out to about a 9.5% G.N.P. rise, of which 5.8% to 6.2% will consist of real growth of production rather than merely price boosts. This should lead to more money—in pay, profits, sales, commissions—for nearly everyone. Grove projects a 13% gain in pre-tax profits next year; Eckstein says 16% after taxes.

The economy has built up much momentum in the past year, and board members see little to slow it. Eckstein predicts a drop in housing starts to 2.1 million next year, from 2.3 million in 1972, and a trade deficit lasting throughout 1973. One reason: exporters in foreign countries have built up such extensive facilities to serve the U.S. market that they will hold their prices down despite dollar devaluation and suffer a profit squeeze rather than let those facilities lie idle. But Eckstein expects other sectors of the economy to take up the slack. Auto sales, including imports, should rise from 10.8 million this year to 11.2 million in 1973. Capital spending should be up about 13%.

The outcome of the election, say the economists, really makes no difference for the first half of 1973, though it may later on. All members of the board, including the Democrats, expect Nixon to win. Some believe that in the unlikely event the President really succeeds in holding federal spending for fiscal 1973 to \$250 billion, economic growth might slow by the fourth quarter. Greenspan adds that in the still more unexpected event of a McGovern victory, the confidence of managers and stock market investors could be shaken enough to produce a slowdown in the fourth quarter and beyond. Even then, the shape of the year would not be affected much; businessmen have already made too many purchasing and expansion commitments.

The flaw in the rosy picture is that Americans for another year will have to live with levels of inflation and joblessness that they would have thought unbearable only a short time ago. Most of the economists think that price rises will equal or exceed this year's likely 3.4%. Eckstein predicts a 3.9% increase in the consumer price index—which is moderate compared to Europe's inflation, but excessive by past U.S. standards. Unemployment, the economists believe, will average around 5%, v. the 4% that is usually considered "full employment." The reason is by now familiar: super-rapid growth in the numbers of people, especially youths and women, looking for jobs. (The current unemployment rate is 5.6%.)

The U.S. economy is now so big that it must move ever faster in order to stand still. Walter Heller, a member of TIME's board, calculates that the increase in the labor force, the normal rise in productivity and a modest increase in inflation would add up to a potential growth of 7.5% or \$90 billion. But growth has to be higher than 7.5% for several more years if the nation is to employ its out-of-work men and women and get good use from its underutilized plants and machines. As a consequence of the recession of 1970 and the slow advance of 1971, the economy is still not humming at its full potential. Thus there is both need and opportunity to follow the strong rise of 1972 with an even stronger 1973.

ALAN GREENSPAN



OTTO ECKSTEIN



DAVID GROVE



Not everyone should drink. But everyone who does should drink sensibly.

There are great numbers of people who have strong reasons for not drinking — religious, physical and personal reasons. And their desire to abstain should be respected by all.

It's a fact, however, that adult drinking is normal behavior in most circles today. The majority of people in this country choose to drink. And most who do so do not abuse the privilege.

They know that liquor is an adjunct of the good life. And that the enjoyment of liquor entails a responsibility to themselves and to society.

They know, too, that liquor is one of the most skillfully-made products in the world. And that to truly enjoy its quality and flavor, one should sip it slowly, consume it with food, take it in the company of others — all in relaxing, comfortable circumstances.

As the people who make and sell distilled spirits, we're pleased that most people drink our products just as carefully as we make them. Because the only way to fully appreciate what they're made of is to mix them with common sense.

We urge you to remember this the next time you're enjoying a friendly round with family or friends. And ask you to respect the wishes of anyone who'd rather have fruit juice or soft drinks instead.

If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.



Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc.
485 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017

THE ECONOMY

any new federal programs—presumably including Nixon's own plans for welfare reforms that would guarantee an annual income of \$2,400 to a family of four, and for the start of "special revenue sharing" with states and cities. (Under the latter plan, states and cities would get federal money earmarked for very general purposes, such as health or transportation, and could spend the money on any programs they pleased within that limitation. By contrast, under "general revenue sharing," which has just gone into effect, there are no restrictions at all on how the money can be used.) Payment of the promised \$16 billion a year for schools and property-tax relief would almost certainly be long delayed or would have to be financed by VAT.

Economically, Nixon's budget policy is sound enough. Deficits of the size that the U.S. is running can be tolerated while there is still slack in the economy, as is the case now. As the nation moves toward fuller use of its resources, however, such large deficits could well be highly inflationary. The price for reducing the deficit to hold back inflation would be high: freezing or cutting social programs that may not always have been effective but are nonetheless directed at genuine and often pressing needs. At minimum, Washington would be shifting a heavy fiscal burden onto already hard-up states and cities. That burden would be only partly offset by general revenue sharing. Even worse, Nixon's budget plans imply that he is willing to settle for an unemployment rate leveling off at about 5%, meaning that 910,000 more Americans would be out of work than if the U.S. pushed on to the traditional "full employment" target of 4%. Economists generally believe that getting down to a 4% jobless rate would require a continuation for several more years of the huge deficits that Nixon is absolutely determined to shrink.

Are President Nixon's budget goals achievable at all? Pressures to raise rather than reduce federal spending mount inexorably on every side. Just last week the Senate Finance Committee voted a \$6 billion annual increase in Social Security payments to widows, the aged and the disabled, on top of a hefty rise already legislated earlier this year. Even some loyal Republican Congressmen doubt that the President can restrict spending as much as he wishes.

If he cannot, Nixon eventually will have to propose a fat tax increase. Congressman John Byrnes of Wisconsin, ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee, said last week that "there is no question" that taxes will have to be boosted some time in the next four years. Nixon will be hardly likely to agree during the campaign, but he may be forced to later. One thing he has made perfectly clear about his economic views is that, when necessary, he can reverse them abruptly.

MONEY

The \$60 Billion Question

The annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund that convenes in Washington this week will be a kind of money Olympiad. Among the central bankers, finance ministers and star economists who attend such gatherings, there will be competition for national victories, much talk of gold and loud complaints about the rules of the game. The very purpose of the meeting is to start changing the rules in hopes of alleviating the world's serious and endlessly debated money problems. But too many powerful IMF members—including the U.S., West Germany, France and Canada—face imminent national elec-

LEOPOLD/GEWIS



IMF CHIEF PIERRE-PAUL SCHWEITZER
Locking in leadership?

tions to risk committing their campaigning leaders to any new monetary compromise that might entail some loss of national privilege. Even so, IMF members may well lay some groundwork for a much-needed reform.

The reform will likely lead to a lesser role for the dollar in world finance. Because the dollar has been the world's major money for international trade, U.S. tourists and investors, multinational corporations and military chiefs could spend dollars abroad almost without limit, piling up huge payments deficits. When other nations were faced with similar deficits, they had to take stern measures—like raising interest rates or restricting the outflow of capital—that have deflated their economies. Not the U.S.

As a result of undisciplined American spending, the IMF members now face a perplexing \$60 billion question. That is the total of dollars held by foreign central banks as a form of claims against the U.S. This money has been

moving back and forth from one bank to another helping to incite repeated "dollar crises." Foreign bankers have wanted to convert many of those dollars into U.S. gold, but they have been forbidden to do so ever since President Nixon cut America's tie to gold in August 1971. That act, says Treasury Secretary George Shultz, a little smugly, "freed us to follow the domestic policies that we think are the important ones without having to worry so much about international developments." In plainer words, the U.S. has been free to ignore repeated pleas by Europeans that it raise interest rates, a measure that would have lured some of the dollars back home but risked slowing down domestic economic growth.

U.S. policy has in fact gained some success; the dollar has become stronger in world markets. Partly as a result of Nixonomics, the U.S. balance of payments during the year's fourth quarter is expected to be close to surplus. Though there were some bad deficits earlier this year, the improving trend should substantially reduce the deficit from last year's alarming \$30.5 billion.

A New Chief? The U.S. at last seems more willing to discuss what its trading partners desire most—an eventual return to some form of convertibility—if other nations make concessions. Washington wants Europe and Japan to reduce trade barriers against America's exports. The U.S. also wants more freedom to make frequent, small changes in the value of the dollar to help American competitiveness in world markets. In fact, there is some support among IMF members for an enforced system in which changes in currency values would occur often and automatically, on the basis of objective measures like rises and declines in each nation's reserve assets. Individual countries, especially the U.S., would have to surrender to an international authority some sovereignty over their own currencies.

In this delicate period of political-economic tradeoffs, the U.S. has concluded that the IMF needs a new chief. Rather brusquely, Shultz told Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, the independent but not always effective Frenchman who has been IMF managing director since 1963, that he should step down rather than stand for a third five-year term in 1973. U.S. officials contend that Schweitzer lacks the necessary leadership. The charge seems particularly odd considering that Schweitzer exercised leadership—and irritated the U.S. in his timing—by proposing last September a plan for revaluation of currencies that strongly resembled the one adopted in December. The leading candidates to be Schweitzer's successor are two central bankers: Holland's Jelle Zijlstra and Italy's Rinaldo Ossola. Besides leadership, the new director will need a large measure of patience. At the very best, real money reform still seems two or three years away.

FARMS

A Bounty that Ended the Mutiny

EVEN in good times many farmers like to complain. In Bakersfield, Calif., Joe Garone looked out over his 2,800 acres rich with cattle and cotton and said: "It used to be that we had three major problems—weather, pests and markets. Now we've got one that's even bigger—Government interference." In the midst of the nation's harvest this week, Garone and the other 2.9 million American farm owners have scant reason to worry about any of those problems—least of all the openhanded Federal Government. The 1972 crop should show the most bountiful per-acre yield ever, and farm income has risen a healthy 8% this year. "Never in my life have I seen a situation like this," marveled a key Midwestern farm leader. "All across the board the prices we are getting for our crops are high. We see profits in hogs, corn, cattle, soybeans and wheat."

To be sure, some wheat farmers are up in arms over the huge profits in the Soviet grain sale that went to big grain exporting firms rather than to them (see THE NATION). But the fact remains that President Nixon went out of his way to become the nation's No. 1 wheat salesman during his trips abroad. "The Soviet grain deal was good for the farmers," says Don Paarberg, the Agriculture Department's economic director. "It increased prices, reduced stocks and made possible an increased opportunity to grow wheat in 1973."

Subsidies Up. As for the rest of the Administration's farm policy, scarcely anyone could ask for more. The Agriculture Department will hand out some \$4.1 billion in subsidies this year, a whopping 32% jump over 1971. Most of the increase will be for feed grains

from mid-America, where the especially important farm vote seemed on the point of rebellion against Nixon only a year ago—reports Floyd Holloway, who farms 300 acres near Janesville, Wis. "Right now, 25% of my net profit comes out of subsidies." The Government's liberalized food-stamp program has helped keep demand for food at an alltime high; that in turn has propped up overall farm prices 13% higher than a year ago. Then there is Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz who has publicly exulted that high retail food prices are merely an overdue reward to the farmer. Says Billy Smith, who owns a medium-sized farm in Statesboro, Ga.: "That man is really telling the story of the farmer, and the President has made no effort to stop him."

New Tractor. In the Byzantine world of farm economics, prosperity does not necessarily depend on record production. In fact the Agriculture Department estimates that total crop production in 1972 will be about 1% less than last year. But since many crops were in oversupply last year, prices were down. This year, by contrast, the market belongs to the farmer. Tobacco auctioneers in North Carolina, where the crop was kept short by the weather, are being forced to ration tobacco at premium prices among customers; in effect the auctions, though performed for custom's sake, are a sham. In California an early frost scared buyers of grapes into believing that the crop might be sparse. Actually, the cold weather did only spotty damage, but in some cases prices were bid up by more than 50%. "This is the year we've all been waiting for," says Harry Giffenbain, a grape grower, who stands to



HARVESTING CORN IN ILLINOIS
Bringing in the votes.

ship \$7,000,000 worth of his product.

Few farmers are as openly ebullient as Giffenbain, in part because some are using this year's profits merely to pay off debts suffered in bad years. Donald Curlee, executive assistant for the Council of California Growers, notes: "When farmers are happy they don't tell you, and when they're unhappy they tell everybody." Meat producers, who have borne the brunt of public wrath over food prices, are especially reluctant to flaunt their profits. Instead, they worry aloud about the possibility of a ban on fast-fattening feed additives that have come under attack as health hazards. "If they cut out the chemicals it's going to cost three or four cents a pound more to fatten beef cattle," says Edgar Skewes, who raises corn and soybeans on a 600-acre farm between Racine and Janesville, Wis. "That means," Skewes adds, "that you're going to pay extra for beef."

Agricultural experts believe that a typical Midwestern farmer with a good-sized efficient spread should be able to pay himself and his workers a fair salary this year and make 6% or so on his

JOE GARONE INSPECTS FATTENING CATTLE ON HIS SPREAD IN BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.



investment in land, buildings and machinery. That is easily enough for many farmers to settle in comfortably for winter and think about ordering a new tractor or combine—perhaps this time it will be one with an enclosed, air-conditioned cab and a radio. It is also enough to give Richard Nixon every confidence that he will walk away with the farm vote in November.

EMPLOYMENT

Quotas at AT&T

American Telephone and Telegraph Co., the nation's largest private employer, has often been assailed by civil rights and women's rights leaders, who charge that the company has lagged in hiring and promoting blacks and members of other minorities. Yet the 1964 Civil Rights Act expressly forbids any such discriminatory hiring policies by Government contractors like AT&T. Last week the General Services Administration, which monitors contractors' employment practices, worked out what it called a "landmark" agreement with AT&T. Under the new pact, the company will hire and advance thousands of women workers and minority-group members over the next 15 months.

AT&T, which now employs one million people, promised that it will promote a total of 50,000 women to better-paying jobs. Women have traditionally been telephone operators (average wage for a 40-hour week \$125). Their new posts will include phone installers, line workers and cable splicers' helpers. Of the jobs going to women, 10% will be management posts, such as chief operators, regional office managers and sales force chiefs. Altogether, 6,600 men from certain qualifying minority groups—which the company defines as blacks, Spanish-surnamed people, Orientals and American Indians—will be moved into higher-paying field positions and other technical openings, and 12% of these new openings will be in management.

In addition, each of the company's offices will hire women and minority-group members for beginning jobs at a rate of 11 times their current representation in the local labor force. What about the hiring and promoting of men who do not fit into the definition of "minority" group? Says a company spokesman, "For them, it will certainly mean more competition."

Labor Secretary James Hodgson denies that the agreement represents the use of employment quotas, a practice that President Nixon says he rejects. Hodgson asserts that the Administration is merely setting "goals." For many businessmen, faced with relentless Government pressure to hire precise numbers of certain minority-group members, the distinction between goals and quotas is often difficult to discern.

SOUTH AFRICA

King-Sized Deal

The tobacco empire of South African Anton Rupert manufactures and sells one out of every 15 cigarettes in the world. His brands include Rothmans in Canada and Dunhill in Britain, as well as the lesser-known Edgeworth cigarettes and pipe tobacco in the U.S. Yet until now his realm was more of a loose association of fiefdoms than an empire. All of his companies were managed and a controlling interest was owned by nationals of the 23 countries where they were located. As a result, the Rupert group does not appear in *FORTUNE's* list of the 200 largest corporations outside the U.S.

It soon will. Rupert has just set up

Rothman for about \$2,000,000. Since then he has ventured beyond tobacco road. He now produces some of South Africa's finest wines and brandies and has interests in 23 breweries in five countries, including Canada's Carling.

It was primarily research that turned Rupert's fledgling business into an empire. While putting in his factory laboratory in 1952, he devised what he claims was the world's first king-sized filter-tip cigarette. Rembrandt, which was an immediate success. Since then, Rupert claims his company was first to come out with menthol-filtered and multifiltered cigarettes.

Because he believes that "nobody can trade with paupers," Rupert has always insisted that his companies give a percentage of their profits to the countries in which they operate. The per-



ANTON RUPERT IN LESOTHO WITH PRIME MINISTER LEABUA JONATHAN
Making smoke rings round the world.

a holding company and bought control of all his nine tobacco firms in Europe and Australasia for \$345 million in securities. The new company, Rothmans International, is the world's fifth largest tobacco company and has assets of \$539 million and annual sales of nearly \$2 billion (Rupert companies in South Africa and North and South America, not yet consolidated, ring up another \$1 billion in sales yearly). The main advantage of the new arrangement is that Rupert can now arrange and sell his many brands of smokes through a unified distribution network.

Now 55, Rupert started out as a university chemistry lecturer and got into the tobacco field out of a vague desire to "manufacture something." In 1942, with only \$30, he opened a tiny tobacco shop in Johannesburg. After World War II he borrowed enough from friends and banks to buy an unused flour mill and two cigarette-making machines. Soon he was nearly broke. Rupert staved off disaster in 1948 by persuading London's Rothman of Pall Mall to allow him to make and market its brands (Pall Mall, Consulate) in South Africa. Five years later he bought out

centage varies, but in South Africa the company donates about \$1,000,000 a year to universities, sports and art foundations. Rupert has become a benevolent partner to his country's black majority. As far back as 1963, his South African plants pioneered a \$6-a-day minimum wage, more than many South African blacks earn even now. Last week Rupert completed organization of a bank to finance development in black areas of South Africa and in the black nations to the north. Since 1966, he has been industrial adviser to Lesotho, a black kingdom entirely surrounded by South Africa, and he has assigned some of his top executives to oversee development programs there.

Rather than identify himself politically with fellow Afrikaners, Rupert, whose ancestors came in from The Netherlands as early as 1662, calls himself a "pale-skinned African." He believes that South Africa's racially oppressive apartheid laws are "not all a practical policy at the moment" but remains as soft-spoken in political circles as he is in private conversation; he prefers to promote his philosophy by example rather than by evangelizing.

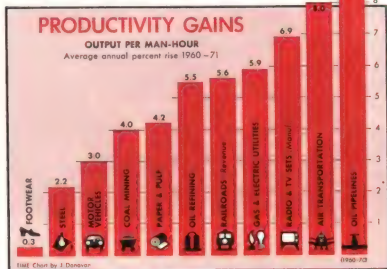
PRODUCTIVITY

Up—at What Cost?

One of the more fashionable worries in U.S. business is that a "productivity crisis," a slowdown in the growth of output per man-hour, is crippling American ability to compete against foreign industry. Some figures compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, however, indicate that this fear is largely unfounded. In 1971, the BLS reports, unit labor costs—the figure that represents how much productivity gains have softened the impact of wage increases—rose only 2.7% in U.S. manufacturing. That was less than half the rate of the increase in Japan, Canada and some Western European industrial nations. Although the biggest reason for the difference was that pay increased more rapidly in for-

from heavy business investments in labor-saving machinery than from zealous work by employees. The oil-pipeline industry led all others, with a 1960-70 average annual productivity increase of 10.1% a year. Some reasons: pumping stations along the newest lines are unmanned and computer-controlled; linewalkers have been replaced by airplane patrols checking for leaks. The sugar industry recorded an average annual gain of 4.2%, largely because it has been making greater use of power scoops and shovels to move sugar around in mills. The shoe industry had the lowest gain, .3% a year, because it still relies mostly on handwork.

However large, productivity increases cannot be automatically equated with progress.



eign factories than in American plants, quickening productivity gains did play a major role in holding down U.S. costs. America's manufacturing productivity rose only 1.5% in 1970, but it jumped 3.4% in 1971. In the second quarter of this year it came to an annual rate of 5.2%, and since wages rose at a slower rate than production, unit labor costs actually dropped a bit.

Before managers can celebrate, they must figure how much of the productivity gain is a temporary result of the business surge and how much may reflect more basic factors. Some hint of the basic factors is contained in reports by the BLS and the federal Price Commission, which cite the average annual increase in productivity for major industries in the past dozen years. For the first time, these statistics give businessmen a chance to rate their productivity gains against the average for their competitors. They also enable economists to figure out just where productivity gains have been occurring and why.

The statistics clearly indicate that productivity gains result much more

in fact, the opposite may be true. Railroad, of all industries, recorded a sharp productivity gain, despite the constant complaint of its executives that they are being featherbedded into bankruptcy. Among other things, the roads knocked off most of their passenger trains, which require larger crews than freight trains do, and thereby made it much more difficult for travelers to get from city to city. The soft-drink industry raised productivity by 5.1% annually, partly by switching to nonreturnable bottles, which threaten to bury U.S. cities under mounds of trash. On the other hand, coal-mining productivity dropped last year, largely because companies have had to devote many man-hours to making miners' lives safer and more comfortable and to lessening environmental damage.

That does not mean that raising productivity is an unworthy goal. Higher productivity remains a key to reducing inflation, raising living standards and enhancing U.S. competitive strength. But it must be sought with an eye to social as well as economic costs.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Recessionary Reel

To a casual stroller in Danang, South Viet Nam's second largest city has rarely looked more prosperous. Every store window is full. The shops are freshly painted, and for the first time in years an effort is being made to clean up the streets. In the central market there are baskets of bananas, lettuce flown in from Dalat, fresh oranges from Cambodia. A new air-conditioned hotel has just opened, and despite the withdrawal of American G.I.s, Danang's restaurants still offer Johnny Walker Scotch and Courvoisier Cognac.

The appearances are deceptive. Hardly anyone can afford to drink scotch or cognac any more. The oranges and lettuce often perish unsold. A shoemaker complains: "There are never any customers. I have ten children, and I have to spend at least 1,000 piasters [\$2.50] a day to feed them. I can't afford a bowl of soup for lunch."

South Viet Nam's economy, severely strained for months by the continuing departure of free-spending Americans, has been thrown into a recessionary reel by the current North Vietnamese offensive. Fighting in the countryside has already driven nearly a million people off their farms and out of unprotected villages to the big cities, where they continue to live as wards of the state in teeming refugee camps. The nation's shaken business community has held up on new ventures that might be destroyed in the war; as a result, capital investment has practically dried up. South Viet Nam's job market has rarely been bleaker. Thousands of workers who held steady jobs a year ago are now forced to eke out a living as street vendors.

Used Shoelaces. The winding back alleys of Khanh Hoi in Saigon used to be relatively quiet during the day; the men were working on the docks, and the women were tending to household chores. Now the area is bustling. Women try to sell nuts and fruits, children hawk secondhand shoelaces, and the men are not likely to find more than two days' work a week. Some farmers have been hit just as hard. The threat of Communist attack—and of American bombs in counterattack—has kept thousands of them from tending their rice fields.

The recession worries officials of the Thieu regime. "I am not too worried about the economic situation for the rest of the year," says Economic Minister Pham Kim Ngoc, "but after that, if there's not a solution or Congress doesn't understand the need for economic aid, it will be serious." Such bleak forecasts, of course, are nothing new in Saigon. Yet even high government officials, who owe a large share of their remaining credibility to the hope of eventual prosperity in South Viet Nam, seem to realize that they cannot allow the downward economic spiral to continue for long.

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BOOKS

Scheherazade & Friend

CHIMERA

by JOHN BARTH

308 pages, Random House, \$6.95.

John Barth is one of those hyper-talented writers who must continually prove that the world of fiction is round, not flat, as most novels would lead one to believe. The problem is that Barth keeps turning up afterward looking as fresh as if he had only just come back from a day sail. From *The Floating Opera* and *The End of the Road* to *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy*, there is no real urgency in Barth's novels. His characters exhibit a comfortable, charming nihilism. Fat with alternatives, they can change roles as easily as socks. As an immortal resident of Parnassus tells the hallucinating hero of *The Sot-Weed Factor*, "There's really naught in the world up here but clever music."

Chimera is a coy variation on a number of Barth's favorite themes. Composed in three parts, "Dunyazadiad," "Perseid" and "Bellerophoniad," the book is largely a gag at the expense of conventional literary forms. Instead of having characters symbolize archetypes as most novelists do, Barth uses the archetypes themselves as characters. Fortunately for the reader, Barth—who is also an English professor at the Buffalo campus of the State University of New York—provides a pony. (Pegasus by any name is just as helpful.) As he explains in *Chimera*: "Since myths themselves are among other things poetic distillations of our ordinary psychic experience...to

write realistic fictions which point always to mythic archetypes is in my opinion to take the wrong end of the mythopoetic stick..."

Barth's trick is to bend the old *Golden Bough* into fairy tales about the ordinary daily reality of archetypes. So we find Perseus, the slayer of Medusa, bogged down in middle age and suffering from what might be called hero's block. "You saw how it was," he says to his mistress, a nymph. "The kids were grown and restless; Andromeda and I had become different people; our marriage was on the rocks. The kingdom took care of itself; my fame was sure enough—but I'd lost my shine with golden locks."

Perseus gets the chance to recapture his youth when Athena re-Gorgonizes Medusa. Only this time Perseus has to pull off the caper without the old tricks—winged shoes, helmet of invisibility, etc. The problem is akin to that of an experienced novelist who cannot use old techniques to write a new novel, and Barth seems to get quite a chuckle out of it.

In "Bellerophoniad," the domesticated archetype is Bellerophon, tamer of the winged horse, killer of the fire-breathing Chimera, conqueror of the Amazons and generally a favorite of the gods. Barth renders Bellerophon's adventures into a dizzying situation comedy in which metaphors are homogenized and characters recede into their own stories and reappear so that the middle of one man's tale could be another's beginning or ending. Both "Perseid" and "Bellerophoniad" spin on little else than the axis of Barth's cleverness, and both wobble badly.

"Dunyazadiad" is a different story (within a story within a story) and a winged horse of a brighter color. In it Barth succeeds with clarity, succinctness and natural ease in creating a modern tale out of the oldest forms of storytelling. It is about Scheherazade's famous plight as told by her younger sister Dunyazade, who sat at the foot of the bed for 1,001 nights while the Shah made love to Scheherazade and was held spellbound by her stories. It may be recalled that before the Shah met "Sherry," as she is known in the bedchamber, he had been habituated to deflowering a virgin each night and beheading her in the morning. It was a sure preventive against cuckoldry.

But art and love—which become pretty much the same thing before Barth gets through—soothe the Shah. Art and love are among the few things that Barth seems to take very seriously. They are beyond the reach of his word webs, or, as Scheherazade says: "Making love and telling stories both take more than good technique—but it's only the technique that we can talk about."

One of Barth's best bits of technique is to have Scheherazade get each night's installment from a Barth-like writer who magically appears each day after boning up on his copy of *The Arabian Nights*. They also talk of mutual problems with such tenderness and understanding that the question of who is muse and who is bemused becomes a beautiful irrelevance. For Barth, a writer who must keep himself going with self-conscious irony and ambiguity and tricks, Scheherazade is a literary dream girl. She told stories only out of the most urgent necessity: to save her lovely neck.

■ R. Z. Sheppard

JOHN BARTH



"SHERRY" TELLING TALES TO THE SULTAN



BIAFRAN SOLDIERS DURING CIVIL WAR

Saving the Giant

THE BROTHERS' WAR

Biafra and Nigeria

by JOHN DE ST. JORRE

437 pages, Houghton Mifflin, \$10.

"The trouble with Nigeria," Sir Alec Douglas-Home once observed, "is that it is so complicated." Certainly this was true of the Nigerian civil war (1967-70), which was perceived by many foreigners as a brushfire rebellion in a barbarian land where thousands of children were being allowed to starve to death. In truth, of course, it was a modern war that very nearly destroyed Africa's most populous and in many ways most promising nation. In this first complete account of that war, London *Observer* Correspondent John de St. Jorre is painstakingly evenhanded in his treatment of the two sides. But the effect of his book upon Western readers already mindful of the sufferings of Biafra is to arouse an equivalent sympathy for the plight of Federal Nigeria, faced with the secession of Biafra's hard-working and highly skilled tribesmen.

The strongest character in the narrative is the Jefferson Davis of this civil war, Emeka Odumegwu Ojukwu, the

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BOOKS

sophisticated and somewhat theatrical Ibo colonel who led the Biafran revolt. But the real hero is Yakubu Gowon, who eventually succeeded in holding the country together.

Two military coups had ravaged Nigeria in 1966. The first, led mostly by Ibos, aroused anti-Ibo feeling that ended in the massacre of some 10,000 Ibos throughout the country. The second brought Gowon, a 32-year-old northerner, to power. As military governor of the Eastern Region, the Oxford-educated Ojukwu was too proud and too ambitious to recognize Gowon as head of state. Instead, following the massacres, he began to arm the East—and proceeded to use the Ibos' fear of genocide to stir up the phenomenal Biafran war effort. Gowon warned him sadly, "If circumstances compel me to preserve the integrity of Nigeria by force, I will do my duty." Ojukwu, by contrast, appears to Author De St. Jorre as less a patriot than "a man who has got into power and intends to stay there."

The book is at its best when presenting the author's personal impressions of the war: Biafrans going into combat with a Peugeot station wagon as a command car, customs officials who, in the terrible last days, still asked departing newsmen if they had any antiquities to declare; Nigerian officers who clustered around the author after his return from Biafra eagerly asking after friends on the other side. In describing the psychology of the white mercenaries who fought for both the Nigerians and the Biafrans, De St. Jorre suggests the real reason the Nigerians never managed to destroy Uli airstrip—which remained Biafra's lifeline to the very end—was that the pilots hired by the Nigerians had a vested interest in keeping it, and thus the war, alive.

Like most journalists who visited Biafra, De St. Jorre pays tribute to the courage and resourcefulness of the Ibos. He describes one village of 300 people that moved en masse seven times in two years. But he was equally impressed with the Ibos' uncanny grasp of propaganda. One day they might take foreign visitors on "the starvation tour." The next day, while trying to demonstrate that Biafra was stable enough to merit international recognition, they might show off their schools, their courtrooms presided over by periwigged judges, and the immaculate lawn of State House.

Ojukwu had vowed that he would never leave Biafra. "Even if I am the last person," he declared, "I will go forward with my rifle." On the eve of the surrender, however, he fled aboard an old Super Constellation, in the process bumping a group of sick children who were to be evacuated. From his exile in the Ivory Coast, he explained his action by saying: "Whilst I live, Biafra lives." Curiously, few Ibos have criticized Ojukwu for prolonging the fighting unnecessarily. His chief of staff, Philip Effiong, whom he left behind to

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Eyewitness News
5, 6 and 10



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BOOKS

make the peace, told the author: "He had one weakness—he did not know when to apply the brakes."

De St. Jorre believes that Biafra's sudden collapse in 1970 was brought about less by the shortage of food and arms than by a gradual realization among the Ibos that the fear of genocide was not justified. The merciful peace that Gown imposed on Biafra, invoking the Lincolnian phrase of "binding up the nation's wounds," demonstrated that the threat had been tragically exaggerated.

During the fighting, the author asked Effiong if he could ever shoot "Jack" Gown, who had in fact been his friend and classmate at Sandhurst. "Effiong looked startled and then exclaimed in his cultured British accent, 'Shoot Jack? Good God no. I could never shoot old Jack.'" The war ended formally when Effiong flew to Lagos, saluted Gown and surrendered. "Lieutenant Colonel Effiong reporting for redeployment, sir," he barked, the black Englishman to the last. ■ William E. Smith

Now, Children

SPEARPOINT

by SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER
224 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

"What about picking up your blocks, Henry?"

"I downna...and I don't have to."

"Well, who else is to pick them up?"

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Once upon a time into the country of the doubly young—five-year-olds, American five-year-olds, living like some future race at an experimental school in the Rockies—there came an elderly stranger. She was doubly alien.

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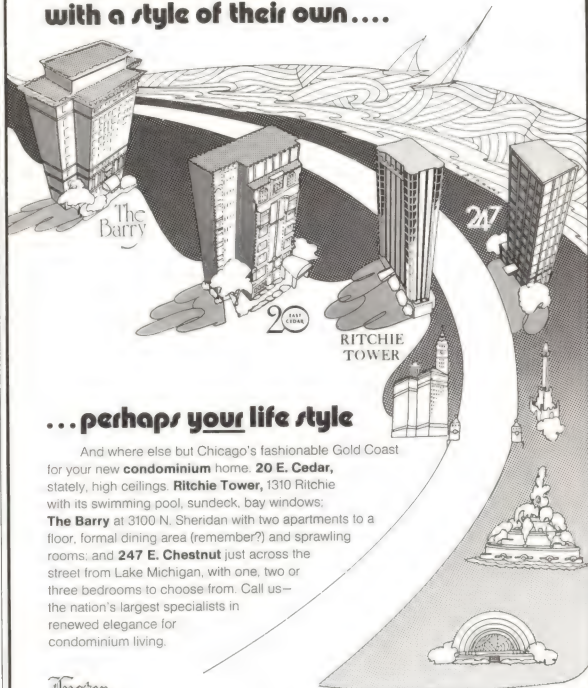
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Reprinted from
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BOOKS

a grandmother and a New Zealander. Yet Sylvia Ashton-Warner had her visas in order, even her special credentials. Or so she thought. Had she not written a book called *Teacher* (1963) expounding her progressive principle of "organic teaching"? "Release the native imagery of our child," she preached, "and use it for working material." Was not her proudest boast that she was still very much a child herself? As a life-long dreamer, why was she not eminently qualified to participate in the dream of "a perfect open school, providing both learning and freedom"?

The admirable Mrs. Ashton-Warner worked on for seven months, until money for the open-school project ran out. In rhetoric favored by educational revolutionaries, she still insists that "spiritually speaking, millions of children are murdered annually" by conventional teachers who stuff their innocent minds with adult "imagery" instead of appreciating that the point of education is to keep a child "as interesting as he was when he was born."

A certain carefree brio has gone out of her ideological flights these days. The "perfect open school" turned out to be as tooth-shivering a case of reality as fingernails scraping against a blackboard. As far as "learning and freedom" went, Mrs. Ashton-Warner may well have learned more than her rather frightening charges ("the advance guard of technology, with their long legs, proud faces"). And what she learned was mostly about the nature of freedom. *Speurpoint* is the often oblique but always fascinating account of what "Teacher" was taught, hung up between "the ruling ogres: Authority and Equality."

New Hope. Authority, the spirit of do it my way, is the clearly identified villain of education (and everything else) nowadays. On the other hand, Equality—the attractive notion of teachers and students becoming full partners in the educational process—is all the new hope. But Mrs. Ashton-Warner's trials among the sandboxes of the Rockies, where even "coax" is a dirty word, taught her that Equality can lead to a subtler, more dangerous tyranny than Authority.

"The collective energy in a group of children," she writes, may be "at its best, sympathy" but "at its worst, mob rule." Her "wanna-dowanna" Montys, Rockys, Odiles and Candys thump the piano, whack the guitar and slam down the piano, whack the guitar and slam down the piano, whack the guitar and slam down the piano. There are days of disaster in the play room. Attacked by American central heating and the tribal chant, "I want my snack," organic teacher finds herself in full retreat toward old-fashioned values: order, privacy, silence, a decent cup of tea.

Gamely, Mrs. Ashton-Warner demonstrates her Maori dances and shuffles her Key Vocabulary cards. She is an experienced teacher, a combat veteran, and she throws everything she has

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BOOKS

into what she calls the "passing on" of culture. "New leaves need the tree" she has said, referring to the need of the future for the past. But these new leaves do not seem to need her. In fact, she decides, she has never gone against anybody quite like these junior frontiersmen of the Rockies. "Why don't they like handwriting?" she asks in future shock. "Is it going out?" But her ultimate nightmare question is this: "Why do some blush at the word 'love'?" is love going out?

Speaking collectively, she reports: "Our child no longer feels with love or with hatred. He does not feel at all." Feeling—Mrs. Ashton-Warner's beloved "third dimension of personality"—is what she believes education is all about. Does affluence cause this deadness at the center? Is the villain the ubiquitous TV? Mrs. Ashton-Warner does not pretend to know. But she feels herself in the presence of "a new man evolving," a mutating personality, whom she refers to as a "Muperson." In contact with Muperson, her slightly complacent progressive formulas shatter. How does one inspire a Muperson—and still get all those troublesome blocks picked up? Mrs. Ashton-Warner's dilemma is every bit as old as the first teacher. What is new is her evident confusion, her unfortunate paralysis. What is valuable is her hard-earned sense that freedom is not the answer but the new problem. "Life is authority," she counterprotests. "You've got to pay for life. Take what you want from life but pay for it." Upon this old but still valid conclusion, she builds eratically but eloquently her case for all new beginnings.

■ Melvin Maddocks


Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (6)
- 3—The Winds of War, Wark (3)
- 4—My Name Is Asher Lev, Patok (2)
- 5—The Dark Horse, Knebel (4)
- 6—A Portion for Foxes, McClary (10)
- 7—Captains and the Kings, Caldwell (7)
- 8—Report to the Commissioner, Mills (5)
- 9—The Word, Wallace
- 10—The Terminal Man, Crichton

NONFICTION

- 1—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (4)
- 2—O Jerusalem!, Collins and Lapierre (2)
- 3—Eleanor: The Years Alone, Losh (3)
- 4—Open Marriage, Nena and George O'Neill (1)
- 5—The Peter Prescription, Peter (5)
- 6—George S. Kaufman, Teichmann (6)
- 7—The Superlawyers, Goulden (7)
- 8—Fire in the Lake, FitzGerald
- 9—Ling, Brown
- 10—Paris Was Yesterday 1925-1939, Flanner (9)



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THE PRESS

MONEY Matters

There are many more problems connected with money than simply not having enough of it for the next rent payment. Both the affluent and the aspiring need to know not only how to make more but also how to handle what they have. Working on that hypothesis, Time Inc. this week introduces a new monthly magazine: **MONEY**.

The aim, as spelled out to readers in the first issue, is to "help you to gain a greater measure of control over your personal finances...and increased enjoyment of your money and possessions." Managing Editor William Rukeyser, 33, a former member of the *FORTUNE* board of editors, emphasizes that **MONEY** is "not a technical guide. It involves reportage on a subject close to everybody and not abstract. We believe that the material is not only important but inherently interesting. What we have to do is convey the fascination that we find in it." The magazine is largely staff-written, and will also use contributions from other divisions of Time Inc.

Family Finances. The first issue features a national survey on the cost of 50 leading prescription drugs, revealing manufacturers' markups and wide price variations from place to place. A story on working wives concludes that most of the additional earned family income is actually eaten up by such new expenses as child care, extra clothes, transportation and lunches out. "How the Chairman of Merrill Lynch Invests" shows that he got rich, but not by following the advice that Merrill Lynch gives its odd-lot clients.

Other articles deal with real estate syndicates, borrowing power and car insurance. Regular features include "One Family's Finances," a detailed look at how households in varying income brackets can spend their money more efficiently, and a travel article that describes with an auditor's precision trips that too can take for less than \$500.

The first new Time Inc. magazine since *SPOKES ILLUSTRATED* appeared in 1954, **MONEY** will carry a comparatively high cover price of \$1.50 on newsstands, in line with the current trend toward asking the reader to pay a higher share of publishing costs. It will depend less on advertising for its profitability than do such large-circulation magazines as *TIME* (5.6 million) and *LIFE* (5.5 million). Using a promotion technique new to Time Inc. magazines, **MONEY** is offering potential subscribers a free look at its first issue before requiring any payment. "We want to let them look without feeling the instant obligation to buy," says Publisher Peter Hanson, 33. The first issue will be sent to 350,000 people who indicated interest. The advertising rate base is 225,000.

The **TIME**-size monthly carries 48

pages of advertising in its 104-page first issue, and already has 50 pages in hand for the second, a performance Hanson calls "exceptionally strong." If **MONEY** succeeds, former *TIME* Managing Editor Otto Fuerbringer, who heads a new-magazine development group, is prepared to proceed with one or more other monthlies. Tentative subjects: still photography, family health, and the world of television and film.

Surprise at the Times

Aside from the topmost titles on the editorial masthead, two of the most coveted and important positions on the New York *Times* are Sunday editor and Washington bureau chief. The Sunday boss presides over the prestigious Book Review, Magazine and News of the



CLIFTON DANIEL OF THE TIMES
Headquarters view for Washington.

Week in Review, along with specialized sections on travel, the arts and real estate. The bureau chief in Washington supervises 39 reporters, who turn out a huge daily news file averaging 15,000 words that is read with respect in high places all over the world. Last week the *Times* announced two unusual appointments to those posts: Washington Bureau Chief Max Frankel will succeed Daniel Schwarz early next year when Schwarz retires as Sunday editor, and E. (for Elbert) Clifton Daniel, who now holds the largely honorific title of associate editor, will replace Frankel.

Trade gossip had it that *Times* Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal wanted the Sunday spot for his close friend Arthur Gelb, now metropolitan editor. But top management has in recent years preferred some separation between the

daily and Sunday operations, and Rosenthal quickly hailed Frankel, 42, as "the best man for the job." An enterprising, thoughtful reporter who served as a foreign and White House correspondent before taking over the Washington bureau in 1968, Frankel was clearly marked for higher things. But the appointment of a political specialist to the primarily cultural Sunday job occasioned mild surprise.

Good Grace. The real eye opener, however, was the selection of Daniel, the suave, courtly son-in-law of Harry Truman. Daniel turned 60 last week; the newspaper of record omitted his age both in its press release and its published story. Toward the end of his five-year tenure as managing editor, in 1968-69, Daniel chafed at having to operate in close proximity to James Reston, the *Times* superstar who outranked him at the time as executive editor. Sidetracked to speechmaking and a variety of special projects, Daniel took his transfer with typical good grace and has lately spent much of his time moderating a 30-minute news-analysis program for WOXR, the *Times*-owned radio station in New York.

Daniel once served with distinction as foreign correspondent for the *Times* in Europe and the Middle East, but has had limited experience in Washington. He will bring a headquarters viewpoint to a bureau that has traditionally been autonomous and has sometimes operated with more independence than New York liked. But bureau reaction seemed favorable to Daniel's appointment. Gay Talese, the former *Times* reporter who chronicled the paper's turbulent executive infighting in *The Kingdom and the Power*, thought the choice a good one. "Daniel understands reporting," said Talese. "He has the experience, the diplomatic background. When things weren't going well, he took his lumps like a gentleman. He's a *Times* man."

Put Up or Shut Down

Seizure and censorship have long been the unhappy lot of Saigon's news-paper publishers. Now the government of South Viet Nam has assumed the power to put them out of business altogether. Last week the number of daily newspapers in the country stood at 29, after 13 folded from failure to meet strict new financial requirements imposed by President Nguyen Van Thieu.

Given a six-month mandate by the National Assembly to rule by decree, Thieu announced in August that every newspaper would have to put up a \$47,000 "deposit" in order to publish. From this fund would be deducted fines of up to \$12,500 per infraction for "undermining national security," an ill-defined offense that has in the past included such sins as reprinting military reports from the foreign press—even when those reports have been cleared by Vietnamese censors. Trial is before a military court, which can also impose

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jail sentences with no appeal. Decree 007 presented a put-up-or-shut-down dilemma for Saigon publishers, most of whom operate on a shoestring. Thieu's intent was twofold. For the short term, he wanted to kill outright at least some antigovernment papers. Looking further ahead, he wanted to use his temporary decree power to restrict leftist propaganda opportunities in the event that a cease-fire is agreed upon and lobbying begins for a coalition government.

Small Solace. When only a handful of publishers met Thieu's original deadline for complying with the deposit demand, he relented slightly: the time limit was extended two weeks and the interest rate on the enforced deposits raised from 1.5% to 12%. That was small solace to the publishers, most of whom have had to borrow the money from local banks at 24% or more. The 28-member press council that represents the nation's newsmen and publishers resigned en masse, protesting "the heaviest penalties ever heard of in the press history of South Viet Nam."

The 29 surviving dailies—17 Vietnamese, eleven Chinese and one English—have no illusions about mounting heavy attacks on Thieu. Decree 007 also declares that if two editions of any paper are seized for alleged security violations, the publication can be shut down indefinitely, even if neither violation has been brought to trial.

"The first time I am seized," says Publisher Vo Long Trieu of the opposition *Dai Dan Toc*. "I will stop publication. I can't afford to lose my deposit, and the government knows it." The triple threat of censorship, seizure and shutdown will force editors to be more circumspect, but must take Decree 007 philosophically. "What does it matter," asked one last week, "whether you have two or three nooses around your neck? One is enough to hang you."

Actually, Thieu's hostility to the press has some justification. Saigon's newspapers have a long record of irresponsibility, and some operate only to practice partisan politics and character assassination. None has made significant profits, and the demise of a dozen or more under the deposit rule may ultimately help rather than hurt the press establishment. But Thieu made sure that the shakeout, in the name of national security, bore harder upon his critics than his supporters. Among the papers forced out of business were six of the eight opposition dailies; the two anti-Thieu survivors had both folded earlier.

Their revival sparked suspicion in Saigon that the government had induced them to continue publication as showcase critics. But one of them, *Dien Fin*, was fined \$2,300 last week for printing a Cornell University study on the effects of bombing in Viet Nam, which had not been cleared by the government and therefore "undermined national security." In addition, the paper's managing editor was sentenced to a year in jail.

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things... the gnawing of hunger... the shivering of fear... the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

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The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals... medical care... warm clothing... education... understanding housemothers...

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the entire amount will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unved mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

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The Decline and Fill of the American Hot Dog

FRANKFURTER can be found just below Frankenstein in the dictionary. It can also be found immediately beneath contempt in Ralph Nader's vast lexicon of villains. To Nader, the ABM and the smart bomb are scarcely more lethal than a chain of processed sausages. Hot dogs, insists the consumer advocate, are "among America's deadliest missiles." New York City's Consumer Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson agrees: "After I found out what was in hot dogs, I stopped eating them." This people's entrée, this frank companion of alfresco meals and ball games—can it really be a finger-shaped monster? So it appears.

When a German-born restaurateur named Charles Feltman first popularized the frankfurter on a roll 100 years ago, the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce refused to endorse the sobriquet "hot dog." They thought it might evoke notions of processed mongrel. Today the public has less fanciful worries. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, since 1937 the frankfurter has gone from 19% fat and 19.6% protein to 28% fat and only 11.7% protein. (The rest is water, salt, spices and preservatives.) This deterioration is yet another of technology's ambiguous gifts.

Not long ago, for example, it was difficult to pulverize poultry cheaply; now hot-dog manufacturers enthusiastically chicken out, cramming up to 15% of their sausages with bird parts. Poultry is one of the more appetizing ingredients. Federal law allows hot dogs to contain such animal features as esophagi, ears, lips and snouts. In the words of Robert Benchley: "Ain't it odd?" And even these ingredients do not exhaust the bad news. Hot dogs are brimming with additives, including sodium nitrite, sodium acid pyrophosphate and gluconic delta lactone. Without such chemicals, the hot dog would lose its pink blush and turn the color of unwashed sneakers. The wiener may also contain "binders," like dried milk, cereal or starchy vegetable flour. According to Consumers Union, there can also be occasional insect parts and rodent hairs. Moreover, frankfurters are no longer a bargain. There is little honest protein in even the purest of all-beef kosher franks. Discarding fat, water, etc., what protein remains comes to more than \$10 per pound. For that you can get truffles. Or 4 lbs. of filet mignon. Or 8 lbs. of hamburger.

For all its critics, the hot dog, like any other American institution, does have its loyal defenders. "If I were an Oscar Mayer wiener," insists the jingle, "everyone would be in love with me." Edwin Anderson, president of the Zion Foods Corp., salutes the frankfurter with a serious mien. "Hot dogs," he maintains, "are still the American's favorite meat food. Let's compare apples with apples. The hot dog is a ready-to-eat product and should be compared with other similar products rather than with hamburger, which loses 30% to 40% of its weight in cooking." Adds Michael Levine of Continental Seasoning: "There are fewer chemicals in franks than in most of your cereals, mustard, mayonnaise or oleomargarine." Their logic does not stand grilling. Franks present should only be compared with franks past. As for mustard, it goes on those dubious wieners, adding its adulterates to theirs.

The frank still exerts appeal, but increasingly it has found succulent rivals in every U.S. city. McDonald's burgers (which are expressly forbidden by the franchisor to contain "hearts, lungs, tripe, suet, flavor boosters, preservatives, protein additives, fillers or cereals") have long passed the 6 billion mark in sales. The Near East may never solve its tensions, but Amer-

ican Arabs and Jews agree upon the merits of the *lafalet*—Arabian bread stuffed with beans, salad, pickle, olives and sesame sauce. The gyro, a Greek concoction of lamb, tomato and onion, has pre-empted the frankfurter's place on many Eastern city streets. On both coasts, the Mexican taco has become a short-order staple. Soul food has gone national. Colonel Sanders' finger-lickin' Kentucky Fried Chicken outlets now number 3,500. The pizza, according to a Gallup Organization poll, is the No. 1 favorite snack of 21-to-34-year-olds. (Any of those foods many contain additives, too, but they have not yet been in the Nader pressure cooker.)

Few hot-dog manufacturers have bothered to read the entrails. For despite the toxins from Washington, despite intruders from overseas, the maligned frankfurter has proved as irresistible in 1972 as it was in 1914 to a boy named Penrod. The hero of Booth Tarkington's Huckleberry novels thought the "winny-wurst" was "all nectar and ambrosia." It was rigidly forbidden by the home authorities. "Like Penrod, contemporary Americans tend to ignore authorities; they consume 15 billion hot dogs every year—possibly even because of the warnings. Forbidden fruit tastes delicious: why not proscribed wieners?"

There are other, better reasons for the hot dog to be top dog. Cracking tidily above briquettes, steaming under vendors' umbrellas and in short-order restaurants, the frank still emits a sharp democratic zink, redolent of exotic spices and domestic meats. To most Americans, the hot dog is the equivalent of Proust's *madeleine*; it triggers memories of afternoons in the bleachers, and languorous Sundays spent loling on picnic grounds. At 170 calories, it is modest enough to be included in a dietary lunch; yet the gourmet James Beard has wrapped a recipe around it: *choucroute à l'alsacienne*. (Translation: sauerkraut with local sausage. Beard prefers franks.)

Given these statistics and endorsements, even Ralph Nader would have to agree with Governor Nelson Rockefeller's dictum: "No candidate for any office can hope to get elected in this country without being photographed eating a hot dog." (Indeed, F.D.R. went so far as to serve franks to King George VI.) One of those candidates, a consumer named Richard Nixon, once announced, "I come from humble origins. Why, we were raised on hot dogs and hamburgers. We've got to look after the hot dog."

Yet neither politicians nor preservatives can guarantee shelf life forever. Those who see the hot dog as an American symbol may be discomfited to learn that its very ethos is vanishing. Once, for example, franks were the staple of daytime World Series games. But this year, all weekday Series games will be played at night. Who wants a hot dog after dinner?

Europeans have customarily treated the wiener as a shaggy hot-dog story, absurdly amusing but not to be consumed too often or too seriously. It is quite possible that Whole Earth sensibilities, newly sophisticated palates and consumerism may yet do in the little sausage whose manufacturers arrogantly refuse to beef it up—or pork it out. In that case, the great American hot dog will be only a memory. And, perhaps, many of the cherished institutions that seemed to go with it. Eventually, history judges a country as much by its cuisine as by its politics. As Lin Yutang rhetorically inquired: "What is patriotism but the love of the good things we ate in our childhood?"

■ Stefan Kanfer

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Which of these cities has the highest infant mortality rate?



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St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

For every 1000 babies born in Chicago, the latest records show, 24.4 die within their first year. Which is the highest infant mortality rate among these cities.

San Francisco is lowest, with 18.4 deaths per thousand live births.

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Bad news. Good news. A step forward here; a step back there.

In today's world there aren't too many easy answers or quick solutions to report. And spoon-feeding doesn't do anyone but babies much good.

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Source: City rankings based on data for Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas for each of these seven cities, National Center for Health Statistics, Public Health Service, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; Country rankings from the Statistical Office of the United Nations; S.I.D. data from National Foundation for Sudden Infant Death.

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Zack and Karen Taylor, whose hobby is home movies, help put Montego's ride to a rugged test. First a movie camera is mounted on the axle.



Then Karen drives the Montego through scenic California horse breeding country, while Zack shoots from inside the car.



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But Zack, shooting at the same time, is getting sharp, steady pictures that show how smoothly this personal size Mercury rides.



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We filmed wild horses from a moving Mercury Montego to demonstrate our personal size car has the ride of a big car.



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